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THE PRISON PEN.

This is a roomy inclosure in the Tombs, shut off from one of the halls by a strong railing, in which street vagrants are temporarily locked up when arrested by the police. They are generally persons against whom no charge for absolute infractions of the laws are brought—mere "street-sweepings," as they have been christened—who have been arrested, perhaps, for being drunk in the streets, for sleeping on door-steps at night, or other vagrant acts to which homeless and houseless wretches are constantly driven. The scene depicted on this page was taken from life by our artist, and its counterpart may be witnessed almost every winter morning in that dismal locality. Sometimes—as shown in our sketch—a wife, or mother, or child comes to the "pen," seeking the poor vagabond, who, having staid away from the wretched cellar or garret which, by a sort of unconscious irony, is called home, is first looked for through these bars as the most likely place to find him; and very pathetic as well as serio-comic scenes are sometimes to be witnessed there, according to the humor of the parties. Though not a pleasant phase of humanity, it has its instructive side, and should be an incentive to those who are laboring for the elevation and improvement of the lower grades of society.

SALUTATIONS.

In former days the English said, "God save you, Sir," subsequently contracted into "Save you, Sir;" and "good-by" is from "God be with you." Our "farewell," said to be an indication of national character, is a direct translation of the German *lebewohl*, good living being, it is presumed, equally appreciated by both nations. It is highly probable that saying and writing "your servant," and taking off the hat, were originally demonstrations of obedience to those who claimed it. The different forms of civility connected with bodily gestures are even more remarkable than the words; mutual contact, such as the pressure of hands, embraces, and kisses, being always regarded as the expression of kindly intercourse, although the *words* may, to a certain extent, be considered as an index of national character.

The theory of firing a salute is that it leaves the guns harmless and at the mercy of the other party; and this is so true that firing salutes with blank cartridge is a modern innovation, occasioned, however, by the fact of a complimentary cannon-ball proving fatal once to the personage whom it was meant to honor. When an officer salutes, he points his drawn sword to the ground; and the salute of troops is still designated "presenting arms"—that is, presenting them to be taken.

When the Arabs meet each other the first thing is the salute, which is repeated several times, and is done in the following manner: each strikes the palm of his right hand on that of his companion, or throws it on his left shoulder, repeating always the same phrase, *Salamat, Caif Halcom taibin* ("Peace! How are you?—well?"). This way of saluting is most beautiful and striking, and when performed gives a new figure and majesty to the naked Arabs who are the actors of it. Those gesticulations are always accompanied with a very grave tone of voice. After the salutation they inquire of each other the news about the places whence they came. Their news relates generally to the buying and selling of dromedaries, whether there are loads to carry, or something of this kind. They then ask each other for tobacco or salt, and their conclusion is, "Salute me, Hamed, at Corosco; and you, Ali, at Barbar. Do you understand? In peace!" After this each resumes his way. Women and children kiss the beards of their husbands and fathers. Their greetings are marked by a strong religious character, such as, "God grant thee His favors;" "If God will, thy family enjoy good health;" "Peace be with you."

The Chinese are the most particular in their personal civilities, even calculating the number of their reverences. Of equals they inquire, "Have you eaten your rice?" "Is your stomach in order?" and "Thanks to your abundant felicity!" The Turks cross their hands, place them on their breasts, and bow, exclaiming, "Be under the care of God!" "Forget me not in thy prayers!" "Thy visits are as rare as fine days!"—an ancient greeting, as it is by no means applicable to their present country. The Romans, in ancient times, exclaimed, "What dost thou?" "Be healthy!" or "Be strong!" when it was customary to take up children by the ears and kiss them. Italians, on meeting, kiss the hands of ladies to whom they are related, with the strange inquiry, "How does she stand?" Japanese remove their sandals when they meet a superior, exclaiming, "Hurt me not!" Manillas bend their bodies, place their hands upon their cheeks, raise one leg, and bend the knee. Persians salute by inclining neck over neck, and then cheek to cheek, with the extravagant greeting, "Is thy exalted high condition good?" "May thy shadow never be less!" and "Peace be upon thee!" In Poland the inhabitants bow to the ground, with the significant inquiry, "Art thou gay?" and "How hast thou thyself?" Russian ladies permit not only their hands but their foreheads to be kissed by friends. The men salute by inquiring, "How do you live on?" "Be well;" and a common exclamation, which means, literally, "God be with you!" has degenerated of late years into the opposite—"Devil take you!" The Hollanders, with their proverbial love of good living, salute their friends by asking, "How do you fare?" "Have you had a good dinner?" Laplanders, when they meet on the ice, press their noses firmly together. Bengalese call themselves the "most humble slaves" of those they desire to salute. Bohemians kiss the garments of the persons whom they wish to honor. Siamese prostrate themselves before superiors, when a servant examines whether they have been eating any thing offensive. If so, they are kicked out; if not, they are picked up. Ceylonese, on meeting superiors, prostrate themselves, repeating the name and dignity of the individual. The Moors of Morocco ride at full speed toward a stranger, suddenly stop, and then fire a pistol over his head. Mohammedans say, "Peace be with you!" to which the reply is, "On you be peace!" to which is added, "And the mercy and blessings of God!" The Swedes on meeting one another simply inquire, "How can you?" The Burmese apply their noses and cheeks closely to a person's face, and then exclaim, "Give me a smell!" attributable to their great use of perfumes. The Scotch frequently salute by asking, "Hoo's a' wi' ye, mon?" to which the most common reply would be, "Brawly; thank ye for speerin'."

THE PRISON PEN IN THE TOMBS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1871.

☞ *The* SUPPLEMENT *sent out with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains an illustrated article on the* SOLDIERS' HOME AT DAYTON, OHIO; *the concluding chapter of* "NIGHTS NEAR THE NORTH POLE," *with many illustrations; and other interesting and attractive features.*

HOSTILITY TO THE ADMINISTRATION.

IN Congressional debates and elsewhere there is a great deal said in rebuke of certain Republicans as hostile to the Administration; and there seems to be an opinion in some quarters that support of an Administration means universal approval of all its acts. But it is very clear that that kind of approval is not to be expected from Republicans. They are men who observe and criticise, and who understand that friendship to an Administration, like private friendship, is not a blind idolatry, but a wise preference. The discipline of the Democratic party awakens the profound admiration of a great many people, who suppose that every thing is possible with such discipline. Certainly its value need not be denied. But the discipline of that party has been always a kind of despotism, and despotism at last defeats itself. If the Democratic party had had severe and judicious critics—if the papers which supported it had protested firmly and unitedly against many of its fatal and ferocious measures—that party might have retained power much longer. But its discipline crushed all remonstrance. Criticism was regarded as alienation or hostility. The discipline was a terror. Those who were suspected, and those who were suspected of being suspected, were summarily dealt with; and the party shared the fate of all tyrants—it was flattered, and fell.

There is a great deal of criticism in the Republican party, and that is its life. The President began his administration by saying that he should have no personal policy, and wished to follow the will of the people. When, therefore, the President suggests a measure for consideration, he invites criticism. It is to be presumed, of course, that his suggestions will usually be in harmony with the general policy and tendency of the party, and that the party, with a just instinct, will generally support them. But that is all. If, by chance, the President proposes something upon which there is, in its very nature, a serious difference of opinion in the party, to differ from the President is in no proper sense to be hostile to his administration—it is only to suggest how that administration may be improved. Not to share his personal convictions upon a certain policy is not to oppose his administration. And only when a man objects to every great measure, and to the whole tone and movement of an administration, can he be truly said to oppose it. We, for instance, support heartily the administration of President GRANT; but we did not, therefore, approve the appointment of General SICKLES, nor the manner in which Mr. MOTLEY was recalled; nor do we advocate the annexation of San Domingo.

But in differing upon certain measures from an Administration which we support, we differ as friends, and not as enemies. And that is the difference between criticism and hostility. If a Republican President honestly proposes measures which seem very unwise to other honest Republicans, their objections will naturally be so expressed that they will not tend to exasperation. They will not suggest to an enemy that they can be so manipulated as to promote trouble in the Republican camp. There will be the utmost care to ascertain facts, and an equal caution not to asperse motives. The differing Republicans will show by their tone that they assume misapprehension or mistake, not evil intention; and what they say, while it may be very firm and explicit, will seem to the Administration, as to all observers, the criticism of friends. It is this spirit, it seems to us, which can alone prevent or heal those party differences which threaten party supremacy. It is this freedom alone which renders it possible for a self-respecting man to act with a party. For if a party excluded a member because he did not sustain every act of its Administration, it would be a very small and a very contemptible party indeed.

THE DUTY OF LAWYERS.

THE Springfield *Republican* having published in a letter from New York certain offensive remarks upon Mr. DAVID DUDLEY FIELD, the lawyer, for his known professional connection with Messrs. JAMES FISK, Jun., and JAY GOULD, Mr. FIELD called upon the editor, Mr. SAMUEL BOWLES, for a disavowal. Mr. BOWLES replied that, while he might modify some of the statements in the letter, he should be obliged to add his own opinion of the association of Mr. FIELD with the clients named. This led to a correspondence which became very warm, but in which Mr. BOWLES showed great sagacity and admirable temper, until some of the letters were finally given to the newspapers by Mr. FIELD, and Mr. BOWLES immediately printed the whole correspondence. The main question at issue in the discussion is, whether a lawyer may, without discrimination or responsibility, assume any cause whatever that may be offered to him, and use all his learning and skill to secure it a legal defense.

Mr. BOWLES contends that when men are notoriously unscrupulous, and are engaged in enterprises universally believed to be audaciously dishonest, spreading financial ruin among the innocent, and even attempting to corrupt the head of the nation, whoever gives his professional services to shield them from surrendering "their ill-gotten gains," justly forfeits the esteem of honorable men. He asserts that Messrs. FISK and GOULD are notoriously guilty of such offenses; and that Mr. FIELD, in serving them by his learning and ability, has undeniably and justly fallen in public regard. Mr. FIELD claims that a lawyer is bound to represent in the courts any person who has rights to be asserted or defended, and that bad repute, or even bad character, does not deprive the person of those rights. Hence, he argues by implication, his duty is not to decline a case intrusted to him by Messrs. FISK and GOULD even if he thought them to be rascals; but to take care that justice is done, and the law rightfully administered.

The forms of law are the subject of a great deal of satire, but they are indispensable to social order. The observation of the old judge to the convict whom he had just sentenced to death, and who expostulated that it was hard to hang a man for stealing a horse—"Yes, but you are to be hung not for stealing a horse, but that horses may not be stolen"—is applicable to all the forms of law. They aim not at single cases, but at the general welfare. Even if a man confesses his crime, it is better that he should not be punished if his guilt can not be lawfully established, and the reason is that his word may be suspected. A wretched, freezing outcast may be wrongfully accused, from suspicious circumstances, of stealing food, and he may plead guilty to secure the warmth and food of a jail. The forms of law are indispensable, and lawyers are a part of the machinery with which society keeps order, and aims at justice through law. Therefore, if a man owns his guilt to his advocate, it is none the less the advocate's duty to do what the law provides for his defense, because the object of society is not the punishment of the offender, but its own protection by reaching punishment only in a certain way.

But the practical difficulty usually lies in the ambition and the vanity or the greed of the lawyer. The moment he does more than set forth the honest evidence, the instant that he badgers a witness for the purpose of confusing him, or appeals to the sympathies or prejudices of the jury, or distorts the case by passionate rhetoric, or swerves in the least degree from what he personally knows to be the truth for the purpose of producing a different impression, he is recreant to his duty. And the temptation to do some of these things is almost irresistible. If a man says to a lawyer that he will give him fifty thousand dollars if he will "get him off," or "put him through," the lawyer is sorely tempted not to do the duty which society has imposed upon him of asserting or defending the rights of that man as a member of society, but to prostitute his knowledge, his sagacity, his power of every kind, to betray society by getting the man off, and earning his fee. A lawyer who yields to such a temptation clearly can not honestly plead the moral obligation of his profession, which is not to get men off, but to take care that justice is administered according to law.

Again, a man in becoming a lawyer does not cease to be a man and a citizen. If, therefore, he is of opinion that a person, without precisely violating the law, is injuring the welfare of society, he will probably decline to become a virtual accessory by learnedly and skillfully proving that the letter of the law has not been violated. Bold and bad men, also, may seek to cover infamous conduct with the cloak of law; but surely no honorable lawyer will help them, under the plea that it is his professional duty to defend every man without regard to his character. The question for his consideration is, whether he is bound to help every man without regard to his objects. Of course, if the lawyer believes the men to be honest, and their purpose pure, he will gladly devote his powers to them. But if he has good reason to doubt both their character and their intention, although he has no legal proof of the defect of either, he will certainly not shut his eyes, and the more tempting the fee the more suspicious will be his inquisition.

Further, as the *Nation* has well suggested, no lawyer who understood his duty, or respected himself, would consent to plead the cause of clients presumptively dishonest before judges universally suspected to be their confederates. There is, indeed, a great deal of libel and slander current. But, on the other hand, many things are known which it is difficult to prove. And, despite the currency of slander, is an honest man often likely to be generally considered a knave? Or, when a man is commonly held to be a rascal, and his name becomes another name for sharper, is he probably a scrupulously honest person? The law itself very properly admits as evidence a man's general reputation, and as with other men, so with judges. Was JEFFREYS probably belied? Is there serious doubt that HALE and MANSFIELD were upright magistrates? Or is there any question whatever that there are certain judges upon the New York bench—whose names will probably occur to many readers of these lines—who are generally believed to be venal? It may be as difficult to prove it as to prove certain other persons to be knaves. But if persons who are generally believed to be knaves are anxious to bring causes which are commonly believed to be swindles before judges whom public opinion condemns as corrupt, ought a lawyer who helps them with all his learning and adroitness to be surprised if his reputation is soiled, and can he justly complain of a newspaper which calls attention to the facts? If lawyers consent to do what we have described before such judges as we have mentioned, what possible defense has society if the press is silent? It is, indeed, a lawyer's duty to defend the rights of every man, but the rights of every man and of society are unsafe with suspected judges.

PERSONALITY IN POLITICS.

THERE is sometimes a complaint of what is called personality in politics, as if it were possible or desirable to conduct political discussions without reference to persons. But in the most perfectly contrived machinery there may be a defective wheel, in the most carefully laid railway there may be a rail with a flaw, and the defect and the flaw will baffle the fine machinery, and destroy the safety of the careful road. So we may plead the abstract merits of a political policy, and prove this to be sound and that dangerous. But if dishonest persons are proposed as agents, of what avail is it to have shown the policy to be judicious? The doctrine that in practical politics principles are every thing, and candidates nothing, must be very seriously qualified by premising that if the candidates are honorable and able there need be no personal discussion. That, indeed, is the ideal situation. Every man who is interested in public affairs—and all men in an intelligent community should be—would very much prefer to discuss public questions upon their merits alone, and appeal only to the reason of the country. But if DICK TURPIN should suddenly be presented to us as a political candidate, would propriety require that he should be called the Honorable RICHARD TURPIN, and that no allusion should be made to the fact that his antecedents showed him to be a rogue? Indeed, nobody would be so much interested that this fact should be clearly understood as the honest men of the party which nominated him. For not only would his probable "irregularities" increase the general public burden, but they would sadly discredit his party.

Moreover, in a political system like ours, which rests so much upon patronage, the necessity of personal criticism in politics is more imperative. The tendency of office under a system of patronage is naturally to unworthy and incompetent hands, and that incompetency should be pointed out. Wanton personality in politics, as elsewhere, is undoubtedly to be deprecated; but is it therefore desirable, for instance, that such a fact as the kind of representatives which the city of New York sends to the Legislature should never be mentioned? If they are almost without exception selected from those citizens who are not well known and generally respected—if they are almost without exception members who make no favorable impression of any kind whatever upon the Legislature or the State—may the truth not properly be told? And is it not a fair argument to insist that a party which, in its very seat of unquestioned supremacy, selects such representatives must explain why it selects them, and not assume that the true arena of political discussion is that of abstract principles? A man who sees a great party consenting to be represented by inferior men is justified in suspecting that the party is managed by selfish leaders for their own advantage.

Impersonality in political discussion is as vain a chimera as what is called neutrality in politics. A man who knows nothing of politics should not presume to speak of them. But if he does know about them he has an opinion. He is not a neutral. He may be as independent as he will, but he will still believe that the principles and tendency of one party are preferable to those of the other. Of course the necessary personality of political discussion may be often very disagreeable, even when it does not extend to charges of disreputable conduct. It is not pleasant to insist that a person of irreproachable character was faithless to human liberty and to the country in a sore crisis. But nothing may be more necessary than to say so, as nothing is more pernicious than the idea that the tendency of a man's political doctrines is to be measured by the purity of his life. His honesty must, indeed, be respected. In a free country he has perfect liberty of expression; but his views, in the judgment of those who think them false, are even more perilous because of the regard which his character inspires.

The maxim that all's fair in politics is no more true than its kindred maxims, "all's fair in love," and "all's fair at the custom-house." If a merchant cheats in paying duties, he may very properly be denounced by name as much as any other thief; and he is not to be shielded by the claim that he pays his butcher regularly, and is a member of a church. So in politics, if a man's conduct is dishonorable, he may be exposed by name, although he is elsewhere a person of the best reputation. Indeed, personality in politics is justifiable upon grounds that legitimate other personal allusions. But to repeat scandal, to ridicule or expose acts and words essentially private, to malign or to sneer with intent to pain, are as dishonorable in political discussion as they are elsewhere. Undoubtedly very much of the personality of politics is unpardonable. The high responsibility of the press, which is the chief offender, is not adequately appreciated by many who have command of that tremendous engine. The rule of many an editor is that laid down by BROUGHAM for a lawyer—to win your cause any how. All this is true. But still gross abuse is not an argument against use; and the rule in political discussion is not no personality, but honorable personality.

MR. JENKINS AND THE POPE.

MR. JENKINS insists that he has seen the Pope, and gives us a very characteristic account of the interview, which reads like a faded "Lothair." As in that highly perfumed and upholstered novel, we are introduced at once to the most purple society, and we proceed in a dazzling cloud of Eminences and Graces to the very Pontiff himself. In London, where the tale begins, Mr. Jenkins, associating us with himself, and by his vivid descriptions enabling us to see as with our own eyes, presents us to the "Very Reverend Canon DONELL, a well-known and popular London clergyman," who politely gives us a letter of "the greatest utility." From him we proceed to "Monseigneur CAPEL, of Kensington, perhaps the most eloquent of living preachers;" and after being shone upon by that excellent person for a little while, we ascend to "the Archbishop himself," Dr. MANNING. With the unvarying good fortune of Mr. Jenkins, "his Grace......received me with his well-known urbanity of demeanor." Well-known, indeed! This is merely the touching urbanity of his Grace Mr. Jenkins himself, who is perfectly aware that it is only gentlemen who move in those lofty circles who know any thing about such manners, and he courteously assumes that we are as familiar as he with Graces and Eminences.

Still breathing this fine air, and with our letters in our pockets, we hurry over the Continent to Rome. There Dr. O'CALLAGHAN, the Principal of the English College, "with great courtesy" gives us some information. He introduces us all to Monsignore NARDI, the Auditor of the Rota, whose "life is one of incessant industry," etc., etc. The Monsignore promises to present us to the Pope.

At the proper hour we wait upon the prelate, who is "attired in his purple robes, and in perfect readiness to set off." We reach the Vatican; we behold the Swiss Guards—"perhaps the finest body of men in the world;" we ascend "the magnificent marble staircase;" we approach the Pope's private apartments, in a highly breathless state, "but are stopped by a lackey in red livery," for the Pope is celebrating mass. This over, we "make our way through a crowd of cardinals, bishops, and monsignori," the Swiss Guards present arms to us, and we enter the reception-room. Presently the Pope arrives, "attended by a large number of prelates and other ecclesiastics;" and after Monsignore NARDI has presented an Irish cake, he presents us to the Pope, and we behave "in the manner usually observed on such occasions, genuflecting on one knee, and kissing the Pontiff's hand."

When Mr. Jenkins says to the Pope that his political rule was generally considered to be intolerable to his subjects, the ex-potentate assures him that the papal rule "aimed to be especially mild and beneficent, and was—shall I use the term?—popular in an extraordinary degree." No wonder that the Pope hesitated to say that his political rule was extraordinarily popular, because we remember that it was overthrown by those of his own religious faith, and by a virtually unanimous vote. But he assures us that the voting was a mere New York election, and that he knows one porter of a certain hotel who voted five times. He avers that he is unable to go outside of the Vatican, because "the multitude, who have been wickedly deceived, would assuredly seize every opportunity of insult." But we politely refrain from repeating to him the rather ridiculously inconsistent remark of Monsignore NARDI, who had told us a day or two before that the revolutionary party "had failed to seduce the great bulk of the population, who remain steadfastly attached to the Church and the Supreme Pontiff."

But while the Pope tells him how mild and popular his political government was, Mr. Jenkins had seen for himself, and records for us his impression of "the desolate appearance of the country, which contrasted very unfavorably

with the well-cultivated fields and trim farm-houses of Italy proper." Indeed, this is the unanimous testimony to the character of the papal temporal rule. Yes, Mr. Jenkins, the ecclesiastics may be attired in purple robes, and live in noble libraries and magnificent palaces, guarded with picturesque soldiers, and adorned with the splendors of art; but the degradation and ignorance and utter wretchedness of the people whom they despotically ruled appealed to the sympathy of mankind, and especially to the heart and conscience of Americans, who believe that free institutions are the security of popular welfare. For the unhappy and suffering people of the Roman States we hear no word of cheer or sympathy from those who are so dazzled by his Grace's urbanity, and the lackeys in red livery, and the guards in picturesque medieval costumes, nor from those in this country who are so profoundly touched by the fact that a despotic prince, whose rule ruined a people and desolated a country, has been peacefully removed, without one hair of his head being harmed. Excepting the expressions that have been inspired by some of the ministers of his Church, there has been no response whatever to the complaints of the late prince of the Roman States. The great, free, popular heart of Europe and America beholds with joy and pride the restoration of political liberty to the Roman people—a restoration accomplished by the acquiescence of the people themselves, who are of the same Church as their late ruler. No great and difficult political event was ever accomplished more peacefully, satisfactorily, and surely; and even Mr. Jenkins's assurance that the late political head of the Roman States thinks that his rule was most admirable will hardly change the joy of liberal Roman Catholics, as well as Protestants, into regret.

THE CLERGY AND POLITICS.

SEVERAL Protestant clergymen of this city and neighborhood have recently made a very serious blunder. They have addressed, *as clergymen*, a petition to the President of the United States asking for the appointment of a certain gentleman as Collector of the port of New York. These gentlemen are curiously unmindful of the fact that one of the most vital points in our political system is the absolute separation of church and state. The government knows no sect, no religious profession whatever, but it equally protects all its citizens, whether they are Christians or Jews or infidels; and it is the imperative duty of every good citizen who knows what tragical results have always followed ecclesiastical interference in politics to resist the first approach of it, from whatever quarter it may appear.

Thus we have always steadily exposed and opposed in every honorable way the political attempts of the Roman Catholic priesthood. Recognizing the perfect political equality of the ministers of that Church, as of every other, we have denied their right to interfere, as a sect, in public affairs. Their demand that the school money should be divided among the religious denominations, which is a proposition that the state should recognize sects, is the beginning of a fatal assault upon a free popular system. As citizens they have perfect liberty to advocate any policy which seems to them wise. But when they combine as priests, and use all the power which the ecclesiastical profession holds over the popular mind, to effect certain political results, they seem to us false to our fundamental principles, and we oppose them accordingly. For the same reason we rejoice, with lovers of liberty every where, at the peaceful overthrow, by the will of the people themselves, of the political rule of ecclesiastics in Rome. Human nature suggests, and history and the experience of the Roman States themselves prove, the tragical misfortune of such a rule; and we hold him to be a very poor American who is afraid to express his satisfaction with the downfall of a tyranny which was all the more hopeless and horrible because it was ecclesiastical.

And upon the same grounds that we oppose the ecclesiastical political interference of the Roman Catholics in this country do we condemn the action of these Protestant ministers, who represent Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians, and Congregationalists. They have done what they had no right to do. They have silenced themselves in any objection they might urge to the political interference of the priesthood of other churches. They have attempted, as clergymen, to influence the state, which knows them only as citizens. They have taken a first step in a course which could only be disastrous to the country. For why do they ask the removal of the present Collector? If it is because they think him an incapable or dishonest man, why do they not say so, and offer to prove what they say? and why do they say it as ecclesiastics? If it is not for any such reason, but because of his religious sympathies and connections, then, still more, why do they not say so? As their petition stands, it is a blow at the American principle of absolute separation of church and state; and it is, by implication, a stab at private character. They say, indeed, that the appointment of the gentleman whom they recommend would be acceptable to the public, and especially to the Republican party. But why do they say so as clergymen? It is impossible not to feel that they wish the fact of their profession, and not of their character as individual citizens, to affect the decision; and therefore their action deserves the sharpest rebuke.

Ecclesiastical influence in our politics is more than ever to be apprehended, as the increase of the denomination which has always sought political power tempts the alliance of political parties. It is an influence which must be earnestly and constantly combated. It will not relax its efforts. It has fastened its heart upon a purpose, and it hopes to effect a radical and ruinous change in the whole American system. All citizens who heartily believe in the wisdom of absolutely excluding ecclesiastical interference from political government will inflexibly resist it. But the clergymen who have signed the petition of which we speak have done all that they could well do in a single act to justify and strengthen the fatal assault.

A CHRISTIAN HERO.

A TRUE American hero lately died, over whom no elaborate eulogies will be spoken, but whose name will long be fondly cherished as that of a most faithful friend by the most unfortunate class of American citizens. It is fifteen years since we saw in Wilmington, Delaware, a hearty, cheery Quaker, whom every body knew, and who, in that Slave State, was famous for aiding the escape of fugitive slaves. He was, indeed, the chief agent of the underground railroad. He was a conspicuous, uncompromising abolitionist—that is to say, a sincere American. The sentiment of his neighborhood was un-American, medieval, and barbarous. There were scarcely a dozen persons who cared to have it known that they sympathized with him. But THOMAS GARRETT was of a sturdy, stalwart frame—a man of invincible bravery, hearty, humorous, and frank; and as you looked at him, and thought of the sullen hatred and inhumanity and ignorant prejudice around him, his brawny shoulders and the indomitable heart that smiled in his eyes seemed an impregnable bulwark of freedom.

THOMAS GARRETT was an iron-monger, and established one of the largest houses of that kind in Wilmington. But while his industry and sagacity in business were well rewarded, his delight was to help the helpless and succor the forlorn. He was, of course, suspected, hated, watched; but he worked in secret only so far as was necessary to elude the vigilance of the slave-catchers. The masters came to him, and stormed and threatened; but, with oaths and revolvers and bowie-knives, they never frightened him. While Mr. WEBSTER was calling upon Massachusetts to conquer its prejudices, and consent to kidnapping; while the New York merchants hastened to Castle Garden, and resolved that the compromises of the Constitution must be respected, even if the self-respect of honorable men was annihilated; while, on the one hand, eloquent men were exposing the evils and infamies of slavery, and on the other there was a loud chorus that it was indeed horrible, but that nothing could be done about it—THOMAS GARRETT did something about it. The slave stole from the lash and the block, trusting to God, and seeking the north star and THOMAS GARRETT; and before President LINCOLN, in the name of the loyal nation, emancipated all the slaves, the Delaware Quaker had sent forward twenty-seven hundred into freedom.

When he was nearly sixty years old he was tried before Chief Justice TANEY for abducting certain persons who had no rights which white people were bound to respect, and the damages awarded against him swept away all his property. But THOMAS said to the crowd in the court-room that he should only work harder than ever to save his fellow-creatures from slavery; and he kept his word. He began business, also, anew, and was again prosperous. But his hand and heart never relaxed their labor for the oppressed; and when, a year ago, the colored people of Wilmington celebrated the great release of their race, THOMAS GARRETT was borne in an open carriage, surrounded by his faithful friends, who carried banners inscribed, "Our Moses." His years increased, but his heart never grew old, and his interest in all generous and humane movements was unabated. Had he lived until next August he would have lived eighty-two years; but on the 11th of January of this year he wrote, renewing his subscription to *The Woman's Journal:* "I now must own up that I am an old man—the machinery has not rusted out, but worn out......I have been favored to keep cheerful, but feel that my work here is nearly done." The old man was right. He died after a few days, and, as he had promised when they asked him a year before, men of the race he had so faithfully served bore him to his grave.

Who are the Christian heroes? Are they not those of whom it is written, "And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me?"

NOTE.

"ONE of Quaker and Pilgrim origin" writes to complain that we spoke of ROGER WILLIAMS as ill-treated by the Pilgrims. We humbly beg his pardon, with that of the august shades of Plymouth. We were thinking of Puritanism, and incautiously failed to distinguish the Pilgrim spirit from it.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

IT is stated that the Secretary of the Navy has ordered the ship of war *China* to Magdalena Bay, Lower California, to make a survey, and to ascertain the best harbor for a coaling station. It is well known that the Lower California Company has lately founded a new city, called Cortese, in that neighborhood, in the vicinity of Magdalena Bay. Great inducements, by grants of land, are held out to immigrants, and the promise of many unusual facilities is made to settlers.

It is understood that the steamers of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company will, before long, make Jamaica one of their stopping-places, a subsidy having been settled upon for the purpose by the Jamaican government. This movement is of the greater importance since the island of Jamaica has just been fixed upon as the principal military and naval station of Great Britain for the West Indies.

According to a recent official report the inspections of fish in Massachusetts for the year 1870 amounted to about 15,000 barrels of herring, and 318,500 of mackerel. In addition to these there were various lots of salmon, swordfish, haddock, menhaden, bluefish, cod, etc.

Mr. HENRY BANNISTER has lately published a paper "in the Proceedings of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences" upon the classification of the American ducks and geese. In this he finds occasion to establish several new genera, as being required by hitherto unnoticed peculiarities in the skull.

A society of British archæologists has recently been established in London, having as its proposed object "the investigation of the arts, archæology, history, and chronology of ancient and modern Assyria and Palestine, Egypt, Arabia, and other biblical lands. Also the promotion of the study of the antiquities of these countries, and the preservation of a continuous record of discoveries now or hereafter to be in progress."

Dr. LEIDY has lately announced the discovery, in California, among some bones obtained from under Table Mountain, in Tuolumne County, of remains of a large species of llama, closely allied to the llama of Peru, and exceeding even the camel in size; the metacarpal in the species in question being nineteen inches in length, while the corresponding bone of the camel measures only thirteen inches.

It may be remembered by some of our readers that Congress, at its last session, made an appropriation of $12,000 for completing the survey of the Colorado of the West, under Professor POWELL. A proposition is now before that body for an additional appropriation of $12,000 to enable the Professor to undertake and complete a topographical and geological survey of the valley of the Green River. As the equipment now on hand, and used in the surveys of the Colorado, will answer for the work on the Green River, and as this last-mentioned valley must be traversed before the labors on the Colorado can be finished, it is urged that the work can be accomplished at a much less cost than that of the original undertaking. The appropriation is commended by the Secretary of the Interior to the favorable consideration of Congress.

The Professor has returned from the West for the purpose of building boats to be used in the explorations of the lateral cañons of the Colorado. He has been quite successful in finding passes into the Grand Cañon, by which supplies can be taken to the river. Thus he will be able to continue his work to completion even though he should meet with a loss of rations at any time, as he did on his first trip through the cañons, for now he can get fresh supplies through these passes. After he had completed the exploration of these cañon passes he crossed Northern Arizona to New Mexico, and on the way visited the "Seven Ancient Cities," and spent several weeks with their interesting people, making vocabularies of their language, collecting their implements, utensils, etc., and studying their mythology, religion, habits, customs, etc.

The Professor found that their religion was elaborately systematized, and that they used sacred paintings, or picture-writing, in their worship. His discoveries among this remnant of a once great nation will be of interest to those who have made a study of the aboriginal races of the continent.

In March or April he will rejoin his party, left in the field, shipping his boats by the Pacific Railroad.

In the course of an investigation during the past season of the marine fauna of the peninsula of Gaspé, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Mr. WHITEAVES, of Montreal, added largely to the knowledge of the mollusca of that region, as he collected one hundred and eighteen species of marine shells, or nearly double the number previously supposed to exist in that vicinity.

Professor DAWSON, of Montreal, has lately discovered in the Siluro-Devonian beds on the north side of Gaspé Bay the first known American species of the genus *Cephalaspis*, a kind of fossil fish especially familiar to all readers of HUGH MILLER's works, as one of the forms which he was particularly successful in procuring. It has been recently described by Mr. E. R. LANKESTER, and called *Cephalaspis dawsoni*, after its discoverer.

From the detailed report by VON HEUGLIN of his late expedition, recently published by PETERMANN, we learn that the north coast of Nova Zembla is erroneously laid down on the maps, especially the northeastern cape, which should be placed at a latitude of 77° 8', and a longitude of 71° east. He was surprised to find a temperature of 41° Fahr. in the Matotshkin Strait, which cuts through Nova Zembla, and a still higher degree eastward, in the Kara Sea. The latter fact is ascribed to the temperature of the fresh-water currents, streaming forth from the mouths of the Obi and Yenisei, which were met with as far out as the latitude of 75°. An abundance of the glass balls used by the Norwegians for the floats of nets, etc., was found on the northwest coast of Nova Zembla, which had undoubtedly been carried there from the Loffodens.

Dr. PETERMANN calls attention to the very trifling cost of this expedition of VON HEUGLIN, compared with the important results which it accomplished, the total expense amounting to only about one thousand dollars.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

January 30.—In the Senate, the question of the eligibility of the Georgia Senators was discussed without coming to a vote.—A bill was introduced in the House to regulate commerce among the several States. It provides that a general law for railroads, canals, and other highways from one State to another may be established. A resolution of welcome to the Fenian exiles was adopted.

January 31.—The greater part of the day's session was again consumed in the Senate with a discussion of the Georgia Senatorial question, without reaching a vote.—The House passed a bill authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to institute proceedings to obtain damages and indemnification for the destruction of the *Oneida* in the Bay of Jeddo. A bill to extend the bounty land system to soldiers and sailors of the late war, their widows and orphans, was passed by a vote of 184 to 2.

February 1.—In the Senate, a remonstrance against female suffrage, from women of New England, was submitted. Mr. Joshua Hill, Senator from Georgia, was admitted to his seat. No decision was reached in regard to his colleague, Mr. Miller.—In the House, a bill prescribing an oath of office for persons who participated in the rebellion, but are not disqualified from holding office by the Fourteenth Amendment, was taken up, and, after considerable debate, was passed by a vote of 118 to 89. It provides that such persons shall take the oath prescribed for those whose disabilities have been removed.

February 2.—The Senate passed a bill allowing a drawback on brandy.—In the House, a bill to extend the time for constructing a railroad from St. Croix to Lake Superior was considered at some length. The debate had reference to the expediency of giving public lands in aid of railroad enterprises. This policy was generally opposed, and a motion to recommit the bill passed by a vote of 103 to 84.

February 3.—The Senate, after a long debate, passed a bill granting pensions to soldiers and sailors of the war of 1812, with an amendment to extend its provisions to widows of Revolutionary soldiers.—A petition was received in the House asking that the appointment of one or more professors of the homeopathic system may be provided for in the proposed National University at Washington.

February 4.—The Senate adopted a resolution authorizing the President to station one or more vessels at the port of New York, to convey such articles as may be contributed for the relief of the sufferers in France and Germany. The remainder of the day was spent in considering a bill for the revision of the postal laws, but no action was reached.—In the House, several bills were reported by the Committee on Territories, and passed, among them one forbidding Territorial Legislatures to grant private charters, and one limiting the sessions of the Legislatures to forty days, and the compensation of the members to $6 per day.

GENERAL DOMESTIC ITEMS.

The public debt statement shows a reduction, during January, of $4,040,986 75.

The Apache Indians in Arizona are committing depredations about Tucson and Preston, killing whites, and driving off their cattle.

The Legislature of Missouri is resolving again in favor of removing the National Capital to the Mississippi Valley.

Captain Selfridge is reported to have found a route for a ship canal across the Isthmus of Darien, the summit of which is but 300 feet above the sea level.

The filibustering steamer *Hornet* is reported to be at Port-au-Prince, flying the American colors, and preparing to return to the United States. A Spanish war steamer is watching her.

FOREIGN NEWS.

IT now looks very much as if there was going to be a division, on the question of continuing the war, between Northern and Southern France. The Bordeaux branch of the government having issued a decree declaring the ineligibility to the Assembly of the functionaries under the empire, the Paris branch has declared itself supreme, annulled the decree, and suspended Gambetta and his colleagues. It is announced, however, that Gambetta will ignore this action, and that he is warmly supported by the people of the south of France. At Lyons warlike demonstrations have taken place, the people demanding war to the last extremity.

The report that Bismarck had demanded, as conditions of peace, the cession of Alsace and Lorraine, and the colony of Pondicherry, twenty first-class ships of war, and the payment of an indemnity of two thousand millions of dollars, is now pronounced to be incorrect. The Germans will probably retain Alsace and the fortress of Metz, and require the payment of an indemnity sufficiently heavy to prevent warlike preparations in France for many years. It is said that, in the event of peace, the German army will make a triumphal entry into Paris, and that the Fifth Army Corps will occupy Champagne until the indemnity is paid.

By the surrender of Paris the Germans gained 180,000 prisoners, 1500 cannon, 400 field-pieces and mitrailleuses, several gun-boats in the Seine, and a very large amount of railway rolling-stock.

The revictualing of Paris is carried on under the supervision of German officers.

A series of engagements between the Germans and the rear of Bourbaki's army, during the last days of January, resulted in the capture of eagles, cannon, mitrailleuses, and 15,000 prisoners, by the Germans, besides hundreds of provision-wagons, and a large quantity of arms. The greater part of the French crossed the frontier into Switzerland, where they were immediately disarmed and scattered through the several cantons.

A radical society has been organized in Paris, which pronounces in favor of a republic, with one Assembly; an Executive to be chosen and removed by the Assembly; the suppression of the standing army, substituting a militia; the reduction of the budget, and the abolition of titles and privileges of the nobility. It repudiates wars for conquest, and concludes its platform by demanding that no negotiations be held with Prussians while they remain on French soil.

The Italian government announces that the attitude it assumes toward the Pope is substantially the same it holds in relation to the liberty of the Church, the practical effect of which will be to exempt the Pope from subjection to temporal authority.

The Italian Chamber of Deputies has voted in favor of transferring the capital to Rome.

The Liverpool members of Parliament have recently expressed their earnest hope that Mr. Schenck might bring about a satisfactory settlement of the *Alabama* question.

TWO VALENTINES—"WHAT DOES MY TRUE LOVE SAY?"—[Drawn by Arthur Lumley.]

THE HALF HOUR BEFORE DINNER—BAD TIDINGS FROM THE KITCHEN.

Page (to dismayed Hostess). "Please, Ma'am, Cook says as how the Soot have fell down Chimney into the Soup and all over the Fish, and spoilt most Every Thing."

WON—NOT WOOED.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

A DINNER OF GRATITUDE.

"THE captain of the coble is coming to dine with us to-morrow," exclaimed Frederick, from the box-seat, in answer to the eager inquiries of his wife and "the General."

"Nay," cried the Professor, "he is coming to dine with *me*."

"A pretty thing, indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Marshall, indignantly. "You men are not going to have him all to yourselves. Sooner than that, and if Mrs. Pennant and May are to be forbidden to meet him, he shall dine *tête-à-tête* with *me*."

"That would be highly improper," said Frederick, gravely. "I am quite sure that your Melcombe, who is all propriety, would, under such circumstances, refuse to wait."

"That would be all the better," answered the indomitable old lady; "the young hero and I would then be quite alone."

It had been, however, in reality arranged that the dinner—at which, of course, the ladies were to be present—was to take place in Mr. Flint's apartment, while that of the Pennants' was to be used as a drawing-room. Mr. Thornton had accepted the common invitation of the two gentlemen very frankly, and had even promised to remain for a day or two at the hotel as the guest of the Professor. The latter was loud in his praises of the young man's modest manner and talk. "He made no more of getting us all off that rock," he said, "than if we had been so many anemones."

Mabel listened to him with an interest so eager, that he might almost have been pardoned for misunderstanding its nature. This really excellent old gentleman—one in a thousand for wisdom and learning—was, in fact, within a very little of persuading himself that it might be possible for Miss May Denham to entertain an affection for him other than that filial one something of which she really did already feel. Her very name should have suggested to him that poem of "May and December," which is a lesson to all gray-beards in such matters; but it did not do so, or, if it did, the lesson missed its personal application, just as a sermon flies over the head of the sinner. Let us, however, not be too hard upon the good Professor: even Solomon made more than one mistake of the same nature; and Mabel herself was (though involuntarily) without doubt to blame in the matter in being "a sight to make an old man young." Moreover (to anticipate a little), Mr. Flint not only never told his love, letting concealment, like the worm in the bud, feed on his white-whiskered cheek, but never acknowledged, even to his own conscience, how great a fool he had nearly made of himself. He fluttered round the candle, but did not absolutely burn his drab wings. Yet how greatly the flame attracted him was evident in his total forgetfulness of the treasures he had left in the residence of the Cave Bear. Not a word did he say about them, and, indeed, not a thought did he give to them, till Mabel inquired with interest why they were going straight home without revisiting the cavern.

"My dear, we are both still damp," observed Mrs. Marshall, decisively; "and as for me, I have some other old bones to think about besides those of antediluvian animals. Of course the Professor would not dream of taking us out of our way under such circumstances."

"Indeed," affirmed Mr. Flint, earnestly, "you only do me justice, I hope. I am not so selfish as to have dreamed of any thing of the sort."

"On the contrary," said Frederick, "the Professor was the one to suggest that you ladies that have been in the water might require fires when you get to the hotel, and Messrs. Winthrop and Son have gone ahead in the dog-cart to order them.—By-the-by, Mr. Flint, there was one thing that we both forgot—namely, to ask those two men to dine with us to-morrow. Upon such an occasion we can hardly leave them out, I think—eh?"

There was an awkward pause. The Professor shrugged his shoulders. Mrs. Pennant bit her lips, and frowned at her husband (How could you be so foolish, Fred, as to moot such a question in public? Why didn't you wait till you and I could talk it over together?). Mabel felt herself turning crimson, because she knew that it was upon her account that her sister was displeased.

"Oh, dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Marshall, "we must certainly have the Winthrops—that is, of course, you gentlemen will please yourselves; but I think it would only be common civility. He gave us an excellent lunch, remember; and I am sure, for my part, if it hadn't been for that Champagne I could never have borne up as I did, when that horrid tide came all about us."

"She had as much Champagne as was good for even that old woman," growled Fred to his wife when subsequently discussing this momentous question in private. "If she had been in her senses she must have seen how unwelcome to all of us was the idea of asking these people to dinner; and yet, after what she said, one couldn't well get out of it."

Mrs. Pennant was far too wise to remind her husband, at so inopportune a moment, that but for him the subject need not have been broached; she doubtless put away that rebuke in a pigeon-hole of her mind, as women will, to be used at another time; but for the present did her best to calm him (for he was really much annoyed), and fit him for the duties of host.

"What is done can't be undone, my dear," was her philosophic remark; "and, after all, it is but an hour or two, and we never need see either of these Mr. Winthrops again."

She was by no means so sure of this in her own mind; and, indeed, was much more seriously disquieted about the whole affair, on May's account, than her husband, who was only irritated, after the fashion of his sex, at having to endure for a single evening the society of two "confoundedly disagreeable fellows," to whom he would be compelled to be gracious and polite. It was not less unpleasant perhaps for his wife than for himself; but selfish man hates "bother" and "trouble," and to have his pleasures interfered with; and one of his favorite excuses for avoiding any thing of the kind is that, "for his part, he can never play the hypocrite." He has a complacent idea that women, on the other hand, are fitted for that rôle by nature.

The dinner came off upon the following day in the Professor's apartment, the party consisting of the eight persons whose acquaintance we have already made. Mr. Winthrop had accepted the common invitation very readily, and his son had done likewise, though after some slight demur, which had given false hopes of a refusal. His attire was splendid in the extreme—jewels sparkled on his embroidered shirt-front, and even on the buttons of his waistcoat. "He *is* a Carib," was Mr. Flint's silent reflection, "and would wear a ring through his nose if he dared." Mr. Winthrop himself regarded this lavish display of ornament with unmistakable disfavor. "My Horn is as fond of finery as a servant-girl," remarked he to the host: "if he had had his uniform with him, he would have undoubtedly put it on to-night."

It was curious to notice how bitter against his offspring was the traveled squire, though unusually gracious toward his fellow-guests. To the guest of the evening he was especially civil, making elaborate speeches to him, in compliment to the strength and skill which he had displayed in the rescue of the previous day, and expressing his personal gratitude in the most highly polished phrases. All this embarrassed the honest young fellow exceedingly, and he grew still more confused when Mr. Winthrop began to ask questions of him concerning his own affairs and belongings.

"Did he belong to the Leicestershire Thorntons, or to the Sussex branch, which (as he understood) had devoted themselves so successfully to commerce?"

It was strange enough that so practiced a conversationalist did not perceive, what was evident enough to the rest of the company, that he was causing annoyance by these interrogatories. As for the ladies, in whose minds the recollection of this young gentleman's history was so recent, they were beyond measure indignant at Mr. Winthrop's stupidity. "He may be a Winthrop of Wapshot," was Mrs. Pennant's subsequent remark to Mrs. Marshall; "but he was a born idiot not to see that he was giving pain."

"Don't speak of it, my dear," was the latter lady's reply. "The idea of his asking that poor boy after his father and mother! Even to think of it now makes me 'all of a pug.'"

As for Mabel, her heart had bled for this young fellow; and although she had not had the courage to interfere, or could have thought—to save her life—of any thing to say at the moment by way of diversion, she had not attempted to conceal her sympathy with his distress. She had thanked him warmly, when they met that afternoon, for having saved her life; and although he had made light of the matter, her gratitude had evidently been far from being displeasing to him, like that of Mr. Winthrop. There was a certain tender gravity in the tone of his reply, which did not escape her, and evoked as if by magic the color to her cheeks; and yet it was clear that, however circumstances had repressed his spirits, he was by nature buoyant and even gay. His description of his lodging at Hillsborough was full of humor. He had not only seen but tasted wolf-fish, and much strange fish and flesh besides. In fact, it had only too often occurred that he did not know what he was eating. On one especial occasion his landlady had given him hopes of a fruit pie, but the performance had come far short of the promise; he had expected bilberries, but he was put off with a treacle tart.

"You must smack your lips over a dinner like this, I should think," was Mr. Horn Winthrop's graceful comment upon this sad experience.

"He has earned it, at all events," observed the squire, waspishly; "and you, Sir, will never earn a dinner as long as you live."

"He has earned more than that," said the host, clapping his young guest on the shoulder, "whether he ever gets paid or not. I don't think a dinner is quite sufficient salvage for saving five lives."

"If you really think that any obligation still remains upon your side," answered Thornton, earnestly, "you can discharge it at once."

"How so?" inquired more than one voice.

"By never saying any thing more upon the subject. It is more than sufficient reward for playing the tortoise—and I have often carried a boat on my back for my own pleasure—to have met with so kind a welcome here."

"But why the deuce don't you come and stay here altogether," inquired Horn, "instead of being poisoned at that wretched village?"

For an instant a blush came over the other's face; then he smiled, and said: "It is for a very vulgar reason, Sir—mere poverty. I am not rich enough now to live at a hotel, as I used to do; but I like this part of the coast, and therefore spend my holiday at Hillsborough.—Have you still the ghost in the bath-room, Mr. Flint, that was wont to be here, or has he been already exorcised?"

"I never heard of him," answered the Professor, smiling. "What room does he haunt, or does he use all the bath-rooms?"

"He is a ghost of the first quality, and occupies the first-floor."

"*I* have heard of him," cried Mabel, "from the chamber-maid!"

"And I from my Janet!" exclaimed Mrs. Marshall. "Oh, do tell us the true story."

"Nay, I don't know as to the truth of the matter," answered Thornton; "but what I have heard is, that in the first year the hotel was opened two brothers put up at it, the elder of whom was very rich, and the other poor. It was the nightly custom of the former to take a warm bath before he retired to rest; and on a certain morning he was found in the said bath-room, drowned or suffocated. The event was ascribed to accident, and the younger brother came into all the money without opposition. Next year, however, when he came to the hotel again, a strange thing happened. He called up all the household in the night, and half the visitors, by his shrieks and cries, protesting that he heard his brother groaning and suffocating in the bath, and accusing himself of having been his murderer. It was an awkward admission to make; but, on the other hand, he had had a good deal of brandy in the smoking-room, and was supposed to be slightly delirious. Opinions were divided on his departure—which took place the next morning—as to whether it was a case of Cain and Abel, or only of delirium tremens. But the proof of the matter remained behind him in the ghost. In the dead of night, you might hear that unhappy gentleman of property gurgle, gurgle, gurgle—sob, sob, sob—"

"I don't believe a word of it," interrupted Horn, morosely; "it's my opinion that it's nothing but the pipes."

"That view is shared by others," observed Thornton, coolly; then turned abruptly to Mrs. Pennant, and inquired whether she patronized the dancing assemblies at the hotel.

"Of course not," interposed Horn, in a tone still harsher than before, and playing impatiently with his wine-glass. "Neither Mrs. Pennant nor Miss Denham would, I am sure, be seen in such company. Nobody who *is* any body ever mixes with it. For my part, I should consider my uniform disgraced and soiled if I put it on for any such occasion."

"It must be a very delicate color," observed Mr. Flint.

"It's the usual color, Sir," answered Horn, fiercely, who had imbibed sufficient wine to exhibit his character in its most genuine aspect. "I say I would not wear my red coat at a hotel assembly for fifty pounds."

"You must, if it's a hunt ball," observed Pennant, gravely.

"But I would *not*, Sir," contended the stubborn youth.

"Horn, don't be so excited," remonstrated Mr. Winthrop; "you are not likely to be asked to submit to any such indignity. It is not usual for officers in her Majesty's army to appear in such places in full uniform; but certainly it is very possible to disgrace yourself in a worse manner."

Here Mrs. Marshall cast across the dessert to Mrs. Pennant that mystic sign which dooms men to their own society; but, like the great Nelson, the latter lady declined to perceive the signal. She was equally impatient with "the General" to unreservedly discuss in the next room the misbehavior of Mr. Horn Winthrop; but she saw that war was threatened, and that the presence of her sex was necessary to prevent its breaking out. She continued, therefore, her conversation with Mr. Thornton, with that appearance of interest and animation which is rarely exhibited by a woman unless it is spurious.

"So you are a Volunteer," said she, "are you? Well, now, I should have thought as much."

Mr. Horn Winthrop laughed derisively, to express that he also should have thought as much.

"And a good shot, I dare say," added Mrs. Pennant, though with a slight tremor in her voice. She was afraid that her hasty Frederick would suddenly seize upon this rude young man and pitch him over the balcony.

"A man may shoot for a fortnight at Wimbledon at a toy deer," observed Horn, scornfully, "and yet not know how to handle a gun. One must have a moor or a manor of one's own to do that."

"Well, you've certainly got a manner of your own, young gentleman," observed Mr. Flint, with irritation. "However, you are not *my* son;" and he looked toward Mr. Winthrop the elder.

"Indeed, Professor," said that gentleman, "your observation is most just.—I blush for you, Horn; and if you do not apologize to your host and these ladies for your foolish and quarrelsome conduct, I must beg you to leave the table."

"I apologize to every body except one," said the young man, doggedly.

"Let that one be myself, then," answered Mr. Winthrop, quickly. "I am used to being treated disrespectfully by you, and can bear it. Now be silent, Sir."

Except for some inarticulate muttering, the young man obeyed; there was a menace in his father's voice quite different from its customary peevishness, and which had its effect; but through this untoward fracas a wet-blanket was imposed upon the little party for the rest of the evening. The one who seemed least affected by it was Mr. Winthrop himself, who perhaps was not displeased to have this public opportunity of exhibiting his authority over his audacious offspring. He expressed in a low voice to Mabel, who happened to be his next neighbor, his sorrow for what had occurred. "Horn has never had a mother's care," said he, "and his home discipline has been neglected, for which I am afraid my own gad-about habits have been to blame."

Mabel murmured some indistinct phrase of sympathy, and was greatly relieved when her sister and Mrs. Marshall at last rose to leave the room, and admitted of her own escape from the table.

One may imagine how Mr. Horn was "pulled to pieces" in the next apartment. "What an unhappy temper!" exclaimed Mrs. Marshall, who, though indignant, could not forget that the young gentleman was a Winthrop of Wapshot. She belonged to that large class of persons who never perceive "brutality" in the higher ranks, but only "too great a determination of character," or a disposition which they pity for its owner's sake.

"I call him an ill-mannered cub!" cried Ju. "How infamously he behaved to that kind, inoffensive Mr. Thornton!"

"And how beautifully Mr. Thornton took it!" ejaculated Mabel. "It was easy to see that he forbore to resent his conduct entirely upon our account."

"They are in very different positions of life, however," remarked Mrs. Marshall: "one is a spoiled boy, the heir of ten thousand a year; and the other, though an excellent young man, I'm sure, is a nameless orphan."

"The more reason," observed Mrs. Pennant, excitedly, "that he should be treated with consideration. As for the difference of position, the advantage is on Mr. Thornton's side, since he is evidently a gentleman, and the other is not. I never witnessed such behavior. I hope Mr. Horn Winthrop will not have the hardihood to come into this room to coffee."

Mabel said nothing: perhaps she repented of having spoken what she had, for her face had worn a blush ever since.

Mr. Horn's sense of shame, it seemed, was overrated, for he presently made his appearance with the rest: they all looked serious, and made spasmodic attempts at conversation, with the exception of Thornton. He was cheerful and pleasant, and made himself agreeable to the two elder ladies, but avoided Mabel so persistently that it appeared to be on purpose. Horn, on the other hand, hung over her chair. ("Steadying himself on the back of it, as I believe," said Mrs. Pennant afterward.) He would persist in talking to her in such low tones (which were also rather thick) that she could hardly make out what he said. She gathered, however, that he intended to be very polite. He really could be superficially eloquent on occasion; it was the one gift he had in common with his father. But now he was all himself; he was "cut," and showed the Tartar. He expressed to Mabel the pleasure he had felt in carving the chicken for her at the picnic on the previous day. He said that Aldershot was a beastly place, because there was no ladies' society. Well, yes, there were a few officers' wives, who did not mind living in huts; but, for his part, he could not understand a man asking a woman to become his wife under such circumstances. He should leave the army to-morrow if he married. He would have an allowance from the governor at once.

"You are fortunate," said poor Mabel, to whom speech was embarrassing, but silence still worse, "in having a father who can afford to behave so handsomely to you. If he were a poor clergyman like papa, that would be impossible."

"Oh, of course, I should have an allowance; and besides, the gov'nor is very creaky and shaky, though he tries to look young and strong; so perhaps I should not have very long to wait for Wapshot."

The look which accompanied this piece of confidential intelligence was even more awkward and unwelcome to the recipient than the communication itself.

"I have ten thousand a year in land entailed upon me," continued he, "and can make good settlements; whereas the governor—"

Here Mabel, in feigned reply to a sign from Ju, rose hastily, and took a chair by her sister's side, which Thornton courteously placed for her, and then withdrew to converse with Mrs. Marshall. Mabel's heart, which had been in her mouth through terror at Horn's remarks, at once grew cold and heavy as a stone, and sank within her. For the rest of the evening she scarcely knew what occurred, and answered such observations as were made to her at random.

When the gentlemen retired, and Frederick with them, to smoke in the next room, or rather on the balcony, Ju inquired of her with some interest if any thing ailed her.

"No, nothing," said she, smiling faintly.

"Well, upon my word, I thought, from the expression of your face when that dreadful cub was talking to you, that he had said something unpleasant—asked you to marry him, for instance."

"How can you talk such nonsense, Ju? He was only very egotistic and dull, and I had a headache, which I have not lost yet. If you and Mrs. Marshall will excuse me, I think I'll go to bed."

"Do, my dear, by all means," said Ju, kissing her affectionately.

"Shall I send my Janet with you," inquired Mrs. Marshall, "to blow Paragon Vinegar on your forehead through the glass tube? Nothing is like that Paragon. I get it of that dear man, the chemist at Leamington. Now, *do* let me."

"No, I thank you," answered Mabel, with a merry laugh. "I shall soon sleep the pain off, as I have often done before."

But the smile faded from the young girl's cheek as she closed the door behind her, and her throbbing head was destined to toss upon the weary pillow for many an hour that night before she found relief, first in tears, and afterward in slumber.

"Do you think Mr. Horn Winthrop *did* make her an offer to-night?" inquired Mrs. Marshall, confidentially, of Ju, as she lit her bed-candle.

"Certainly not, my dear Mrs. Marshall. May is truth itself, and you heard her answer just

now; though, indeed, I had no intention of putting the question in earnest. I think the young man had had quite enough wine—so much, indeed, that he shall never have the chance of putting his foot in a drawing-room of mine again; but he was not so tipsy—or rather so mad—as to make May an offer."

"Humph!" said Mrs. Marshall, in a disappointed tone. "Well, of course, you know your sister better than I do; but I must say I thought the young man's manner very *empressé*."

"*Empressé!* I thought it abominably disagreeable; and I was glad to see that his father evidently observed it, and formed the same opinion of it."

"I saw that, too, my dear; and did you happen, by-the-by, to observe any alteration in Mr. Winthrop when we met him this afternoon?"

"Not I, indeed; he appears to me always much the same—cynical, vain, and insincere." The fact was, though she had a husband to herself, Mrs. Pennant was of opinion that a little more attention might have been paid to herself by Winthrop of Wapshot, and this was the first opportunity that had offered of expressing her own sentiments (obliquely) respecting that matter.

"I don't refer to his manner, my dear, but to the change in his external appearance," returned Mrs. Marshall, mysteriously. "He told me yesterday that it was exactly a year since his wife's death, and I observed to-day that he had left off his mourning. Now, in my opinion, that is rather significant. What a magnificent position it would be for any young woman! You think the idea ridiculous? Very good; *nous verrons*. Good-night, my dear, and pleasant dreams."

CHAPTER XIV.

A FRAGMENT FROM THE FRENCH.

It was not only Miss Mabel Denham who held the opinion that Richard Thornton had behaved himself to admiration under the after-dinner impertinence of Horn Winthrop; both Mr. Flint and Frederick were loud in Thornton's praises upon that matter, and in other respects; for he had now been the Professor's guest some days, and reaped golden opinions by his gentle bearing. They were discussing his character upon the balcony one afternoon, while he was absent at Winthrop Cavern, where he "superintended the excavations," in the absence of his host, who had just the least touch of gout; and that onslaught of Horn, which he had borne with unsheathed sword, became, not for the first time, the subject of their talk.

"It is not as if the lad were lacking in spirit," observed Mr. Flint, with animation. "He has the courage of a young lion, with strength enough to put that impudent fellow over his knee and administer chastisement *more magistrum*."

"Gad, I should like to see it done!" answered Frederick, laughing. "I never met with a cub more in want of a licking. His father is not a favorite of mine, but he is in manners a gentleman; and how he could have begotten such a son I can not imagine. Why the deuce, I wonder, did he give him such an outlandish name as Horn?"

"There is always a reason for a name of that kind," returned Mr. Flint, demurely.

At this Frederick broke into such laughter as brought his wife out on the balcony to learn the joke, in which she was disappointed.

"It is Mr. Flint's, not mine," said her husband; "you must ask him." But Mr. Flint was granite.

"I shall get it out of Frederick presently," said she, shaking her finger menacingly at the Professor; and we have no doubt she did.

In the mean time the old gentleman pursued his laudations of Thornton. "The more I see of him, the more I like him," said he. "He is as good at heart as he is to look at; and if I was a young girl, as Mrs. Marshall says, I should certainly fall in love with him."

"That would be an act of some imprudence," answered Mrs. Pennant, gravely, "unless the young girl was an heiress."

"In which case she would certainly look out for a rich man," observed Frederick. "You are very wise, my dear Professor; but you don't understand women."

"I suppose I don't," said the old man, humbly, and with a little sigh; "and yet if men, with few exceptions, do not comprehend the other sex, how much less must women know of men!"

"That is true," observed Frederick, "and also fortunate; otherwise men would never get wives."

"That remark should be written in gold," observed the Professor, gravely.

"Are you all so very wicked, then, you men?" inquired Mrs. Pennant, laughing. "This confession is really very touching. In all books, from the Bible downward, the wickedness seems all upon the women's side; and to hear the contrary is most refreshing, especially from folks like you, who have doubtless considerable experience."

"This is what comes of making an admission to a female!" cried Frederick. "For my part, I retract every thing."

"Now I should think that Mr. Richard Thornton—for a man"—continued Mrs. Pennant, thoughtfully, "was not so very wicked."

"Not so very wicked as the Professor, I suppose you mean," laughed Frederick. "Well, you see, he has not had the time for it. I confess I don't, myself, believe in your good young men."

"He judges them by what he was himself, before you absolved him," said the Professor, gallantly. "It would be worth one's while to be wicked if one was sure to be shrived by so fair a priestess."

"Yes," said Frederick; "just as it is worth while to be a little drowned in the Serpentine for the sake of the brandy administered by the Royal Humane."

"Talking of being drowned," said the Professor, "reminds me that I am about to lose 'the captain of the coble,' as you call him. Thornton told me this morning that he had important business which would take him back to town. I shall miss him immensely. He has been very useful to me in classifying my bone treasures, and has worked out our disinterments in the cavern quite *con amore*."

"Like a ghoul," suggested Frederick, by way of free translation.

"He appeared very happy the first day or two here," said the Professor, with chagrin; "and now, all of a sudden, it seems he must be off to London."

"When you were Thornton's age, Mr. Flint," said Frederick, smiling, "I dare say that you had sometimes important business, unintelligible to your friends, which took you from country places up to the gay town."

"No, no; it is not mere pleasure that makes Thornton go; of that I am sure," returned the Professor, seriously. "If it was so he would acknowledge it; he is much too honest to resort to any subterfuge."

"Well, well, Professor, I have already expressed my incredulity upon the subject of good young men; but I have no wish to prejudice you against this Bayard.—There goes three o'clock, when the London papers arrive.—As we are going abroad next week, Ju, it is just as well to keep one's eyes upon foreign affairs, so I'll run down and get a *Times*."

Mrs. Pennant remained upon the balcony with the Professor.

"I have something to say to you, Mr. Flint," said she, earnestly, "which I don't wish my husband to hear, since he would only laugh at me for saying it. Laughter, he says, is the only proper weapon with which to meet a woman's arguments; and yet we are sometimes right, I think."

"Always," said the Professor, gallantly—"always."

"I have a favor to ask of you, Mr. Flint," continued she, without noticing the badinage in his tone. "You were telling us just now that Mr. Thornton wishes to leave Shingleton, though he does not give his reasons. If he mentions the matter again, be so good as not to press him to stay."

"Not press him to stay!" exclaimed Mr. Flint, more astonished at this request than if he had been asked for his watch and chain.

"Yes," said she; "let him go at once—that is the favor I have to beg. I ask it for his own sake, but still more for that of another. My dear Mr. Flint"—here she laid her fingers on his arm, and looked at him with beseeching eyes—"I ask it for my own."

"It is granted, of course," said the astonished Professor; "but—"

"Hush! here is my husband;" and throwing the old *savant* a grave but grateful smile, Mrs. Pennant stepped back into her own apartment. Mr. Flint also retired into his sitting-room, the better to collect his thoughts, which had been scattered by this confidential communication, as by a shell exploded in the centre of his mental system. Presently they gathered themselves together, and concentrated on one subject, which was not by any means a favorite one with them—namely, the inconstancy of woman.

The Professor's acquaintance with the sex had been slight and superficial. His nature was not amorous (in spite of that momentary weakness with respect to Mabel, which was itself so vague and evanescent that I already almost reproach myself for having disclosed it); the love-affairs of his youth, if he ever had any (of which, with all deference to the general opinion on such matters, I have my doubts), were of so commonplace a character that the recollection of them had faded from his mind. He had been, and was, a favorite with the sex, as Professor Flint; his kindly and chivalrous nature had been fully recognized by them in his days of "reverence and the silver hair;" but up to middle age, and even beyond it, he had not only been no philanderer—he had been a recluse, a college hermit. The ways of women had been, if not "too wonderful for him"—as to Agur, the son of Jakeh—at all events, unknown to him. He had listened (much displeased) to jokes upon them, made in the common room of his college by ordained celibates, who ought not to have been (and perhaps were not) better informed on the subject than himself; and, of course, he had read about them in poem and fiction. The Greek, the Roman, and the modern Gaul had each informed him how unfaithful was the sex to which his mother belonged: an honest Christian soul, always, as he remembered her, ripe for heaven, but who, these writers asked him to believe, had been in youth—since all women were alike in such respects—frivolous, vain, immodestly passionate, and false. He had not believed them—he had scorned to do so—though he did not himself possess those selfish and violent appetites, the existence of which in most men convicts them, if it does not convince, of lying and cowardice in their charges against the chastity of women: but at this moment the reiterated accusations of ancients and moderns found in him, for the first time, a patient though a very unwilling listener. He was not a man, as we have seen, to turn from the consideration of any question because it gave him discomfort or pain; and he did not turn from this, but reviewed the matter with judicial impartiality. He liked the Pennants much; he both respected and admired Julia; and yet something within him was now asking him to believe that this bride of but five weeks had permitted her affections to be estranged from her lawful husband, and to fix themselves upon Richard Thornton. True, she did not encourage herself in this wicked and wanton infatuation. She evidently saw her danger, and desired to have the temptation removed from her. But it shocked the old Professor to the core to have heard that such a precaution was necessary. "Do not press him to stay," she had said; and her manner had been infinitely more impressive than the words. "My dear Mr. Flint," she had pleaded (and how much more earnest had been the entreaty in her eyes), "I ask this favor for his sake, and still more *for my own*."

Such a state of affairs was morally unintelligible to the Professor, but he could not but accept the fact; confirmation of it, indeed, was not wanting when he began to recall the circumstances, trivial in themselves, but of importance when viewed in connection with this matter. In particular, there was the behavior of Thornton himself, who had certainly paid somewhat exclusive attention to Mrs. Pennant; if he had not absolutely "devoted himself" to her, he had sought her society in preference to that of her sister, which had always been, in the Professor's eyes, an incomprehensible circumstance, and was now become a suspicious one. Of course this was an idea that did great discredit to his young friend. But if Mrs. Pennant had strayed in thought from the path of honor, upon whose virtue could he rely? If there were no good young women, he was quite ready to subscribe to Mr. Pennant's opinion that there were no good young men. Like most men who have conscientious religious doubts, Mr. Flint was a man of rigid morals; but he was not so severe against those little weaknesses to which his enemies, the bigots, are often but too prone, as they were against his supposed latitudinarianism. He knew that his own nature was cold, and took no credit to himself for virtue; he made great allowances for their passionate temperaments—and, of course, he was not less charitable toward those who were not his enemies. He was as much shocked and grieved at the tacit confession which Mrs. Pennant had just made to him, as an archbishop could have been at hearing of a new heresy; but he did not break out into anathemas. On the contrary, he pitied her from the bottom of his heart. As to Thornton, he could not persuade himself that his frank young companion was a designing scoundrel. That phrase of Mrs. Pennant's, "for his own sake," led him to believe she did not fear *him*, but rather *for* him. One thing was, at all events, quite clear: Thornton, so far from being pressed to stay, must be got away as soon as possible, but not without a word or two of advice, if not of rebuke.

Just as the Professor had arrived at this sage conclusion, in came the young man himself, with a business-like report of the state of affairs at the cavern. The excavations were quite extensive by this time, but it seemed that the place had yielded almost all it had to yield. This was the less to be regretted, since the Scientific, who had got wind of the great discovery, were pouring in upon the place from all sides, and would without doubt have pillaged it remorselessly.

"I think I have brought away to-day all that is worth bringing," observed Richard, producing a few odds and ends of bone. "I shall be able to leave you now, Professor, since our work is finished, with a clear conscience."

"I hope you will," said Mr. Flint, significantly, and regarding the young man with great earnestness; "I trust you will have nothing to reproach yourself with."

Thornton looked up from the table, on which he had been spreading his antediluvian spoil, with great astonishment.

"I trust so, indeed," said he, simply. "If you have any fault to find with me, my dear Mr. Flint, I entreat you to mention it, that I may excuse myself, or make atonement. I regret, beyond the power of words to express, any offense that I may have unintentionally committed. As to willful annoyance, I am quite sure I have given you none."

Mr. Flint, whose liking for this young fellow was perhaps stronger than he had been himself aware of, began to regret that he had begun his lecture. It was very different from the lectures he had had to give at college, with the subjects of which he had been conversant. Moreover, there was that in the young man's air which convinced the Professor more than ever of his innocence. Suppose this unhappy *tendresse* of Mrs. Pennant's should have been all on one side, and Thornton not even conscious of its existence—that would be a pretty kettle of wolf-fish!

"Why do you not speak to me, Mr. Flint? Do you suppose that your displeasure is a matter of indifference to me? I have been overwhelmed by kindnesses at your hands. I have been through your means introduced to"—here something seemed to choke the poor fellow's utterance—"others, who have been equally kind, and whose friendship I prize very highly. The few days I have spent with you and them have been far brighter ones than I had hoped to know, or than I shall ever know again. It is you I have to thank for them. I have not so many friends—God help me, I have none!—that I can afford to lose your friendship. What *have* I done, Sir? I know I have my enemies here, and if they have accused me of any thing, I have a right to hear what it is."

It was touching to see this lad, so young and powerful, appealing with such pathos for bare justice, which the other was yet unable to grant to him. It was impossible for Mr. Flint to continue the task which he had originally proposed to himself; he felt that he had nothing to go upon; that there was some monstrous mistake, which he would not make worse by an explanation. For the first time in his life—the first that he had ever meddled with the affairs of womankind—the Professor found himself dissimulating.

"I accuse you of nothing, my dear Thornton," stammered he; "I was only annoyed at your proposed abrupt departure. The statement of your intention this morning was so unexpected that I scarcely knew what to say; but I have been 'nursing my wrath to keep it warm' in the interim; and, besides, I have had twinges in my toe, which do not improve one's temper. I feel that I have behaved absurdly. To talk of your having a clear conscience was, of course, a most exaggerated phrase; but you must forgive an old man, who, having been long accustomed to live alone, finds the companion who pleases him suddenly announcing that their intercourse must end. You have a perfect right to go, of course; I have not now a desire to stop you, mind that; and altogether I feel," added the Professor, warmly, "that I owe you an apology for such an outbreak of bad temper."

"Nay, Sir, indeed you do not," cried the young man, with flushing cheek. "It is *I*, rather, who owe you an explanation of that departure, which you are so good as to say you regret. I told you what was false when I said that I had business in London; I—Sir, please to remember that it is only your great kindness which wrings it from me—I had another reason."

The embarrassment of the lad was excessive; his color came and went like that of a shy girl asked for the first time to play in public on the piano-forte, and his speech was as full of joints as a trout-rod; at last he stopped altogether.

"Perhaps the reason you speak of does not affect yourself alone," observed the Professor, hastily, all his suspicion suddenly revived, and dreading above all things to hear it substantiated. "I do not wish you, of course, to tell me any thing that may compromise another."

"Compromise?" repeated Richard, reddening even deeper than before. "There is no question of compromise in the matter, dear Mr. Flint, nor, indeed, of a second person; it is I only who am concerned in it—and," added he, with a sigh he could not repress, "who will have alone to suffer for it. I hope so most fervently; I should be a vain and impertinent fellow if I did not think so—"

"If there is a lady in the case, Mr. Thornton," interrupted the Professor, earnestly, "I do not wish to hear this explanation."

"Pardon me, my dear Mr. Flint; it is you who have made a disclosure necessary, which it must be much more painful for me to narrate than for you to hear. Blindly, foolishly, but, upon my honor, Sir, beyond my own power to avert it, I have placed my affections where I had no right to place them—where it would be base, as well as idle, to suffer them to rest."

The old *savant* was profoundly affected. His heart felt for this unhappy young man, while at the same time it condemned him. There was something, after all, then, in that sentiment of the French novelists, which hitherto always seemed to him too unreal for indignation, and had only awakened his contempt.

"May I ask, Mr. Thornton, if the lady—to whom we need not more particularly refer—is aware of this misplaced attachment of yours?"

"I think not—at least," added he, hurriedly, "I hope not, Sir. I most solemnly assure you that neither in word nor manner have I ever sought to inform her of it. On the contrary, I have studiously endeavored to conceal it. My own prospects in life, and especially my position here as your guest, compelled me in honor to do so."

"Why, he's more French than the French themselves!" reflected the astonished Professor. "He falls in love with a married woman, and feels an apology due to *me*, instead of to her husband."

"I see, Mr. Flint," continued the young man, gravely, "that this confession has lowered me in your good opinion. I can hardly wonder at it; yet the error I have fallen into was unavoidable; and I have taken the only course to remedy it, in my determination to leave this place at once. Since I have lost your friendship, there is nothing that need keep me here an hour longer. Please to make what excuses for me you think proper. It will be better—for me at least—that I should not wish her good-by."

"It will be better for both of you," answered the Professor, decisively. "There is a train to town at five o'clock."

The young man rose, with a heavy sigh. "I will go, Mr. Flint. I leave you with a tender sense of the kindness that I have received at your hands; and I acknowledge that you have had the right to rebuke me for my imprudence. Still, I can not help adding that, notwithstanding my own bitter experience of how loss of fortune affects the behavior of our fellows, I had hoped to find in you a man a little more merciful, a little more pitiful toward one whose only crime is the involuntary one of poverty. A year or two ago I need not have blamed myself for entertaining this unhappy passion; and what was not discreditable then can not, surely (however weak and hopeless), be so unpardonable now."

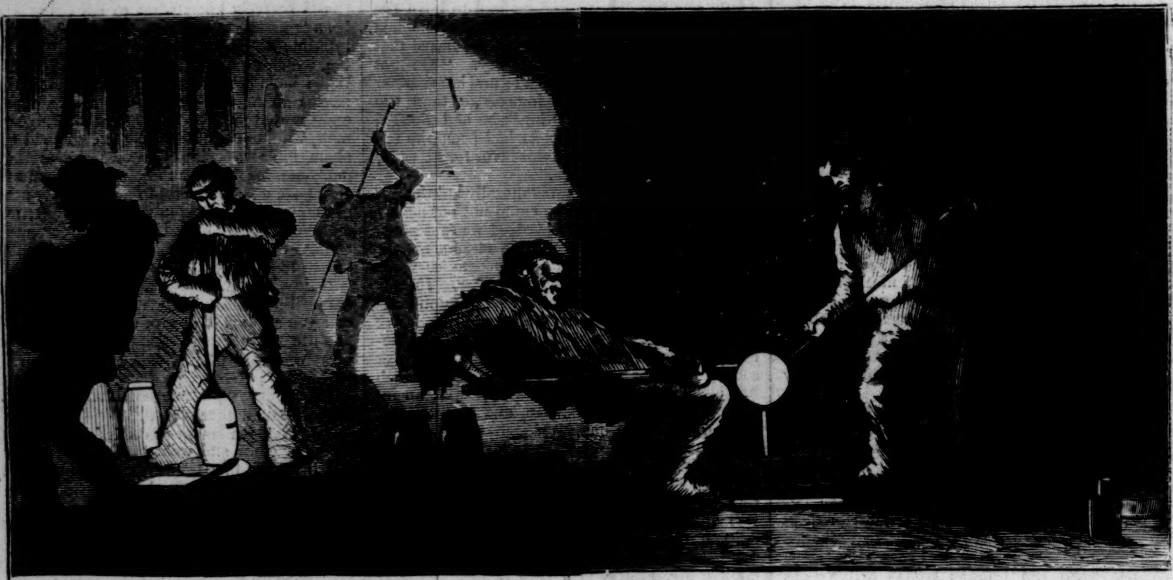
"The devil it can't!" ejaculated the Professor, indignantly. "Do you mean to say that there's no difference whether you fall in love with a single woman or a married one?"

"A married one, Sir?"

"Well, a bride is a married woman, isn't she?" returned the Professor, angry at what he considered the young fellow's shallow quibble. "Why, it seems to me to be even worse—if there is any worse, where every thing is as bad as it can be—to fall in love with a bride like Mrs. Pennant than a matron."

"My dear Mr. Flint, you are dreaming!" ejaculated the astonished young man. "I have never said a word about Mrs. Pennant; I have been talking about Miss Mabel Denham."

The Professor sank back in his chair with his mouth open, and held up both his hands for "Stop," like a railway signal man. For the present, he felt that silence was absolutely necessary for the preservation of his wits.



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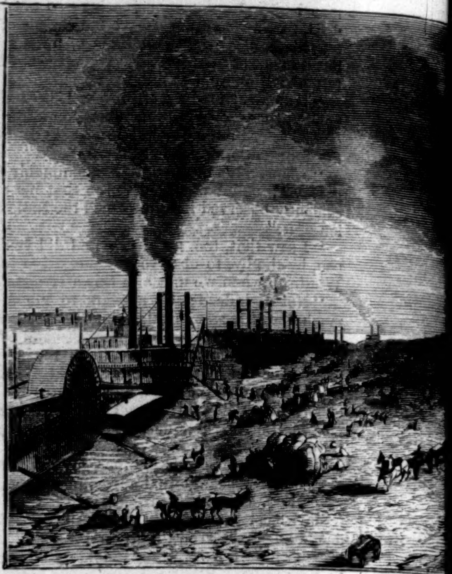

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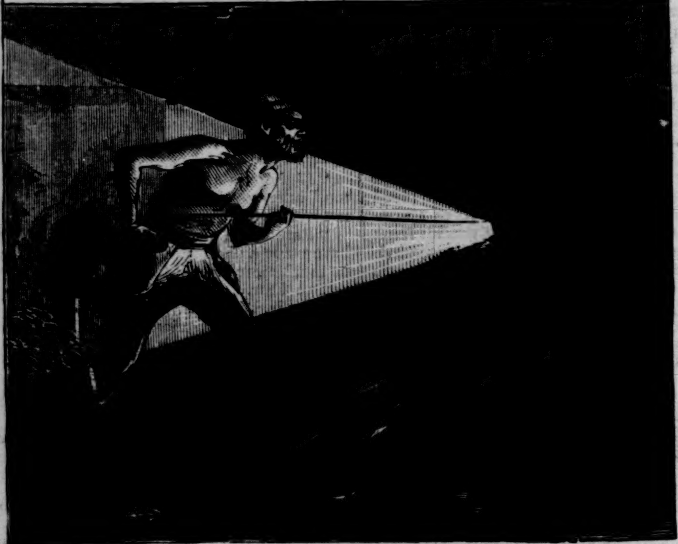

PUDDLING IRON.

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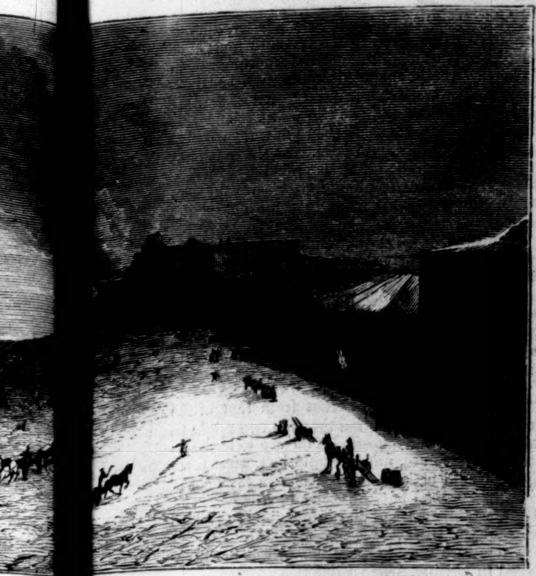
VIEWS ABOUT PITTSBURG, PENNSYLV



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BLOWING GLASS

W FROM HILL.

STEAM HAMMER.

COAL FLOTILLA IN THE OHIO RIV

ENNSYLV WN BY C. S. REINHART.—[SEE PAGE 147.]

WORD FROM THE BATTLE-FIELD.

SHE rose up in the early dawn,
And white and silently she moved
About the house. Four men had gone
To battle for the land they loved,
And she, the mother and the wife,
Waited for, tidings from the strife:
How still the house seemed! and her tread
Sounded like footsteps of the dead.

The long day passed; the dark night came;
She had not seen a human face;
Some voice spoke suddenly her name—
How loud it sounded in that place,
Where day on day no sound was heard
But her own footsteps! "Bring you word?"
She cried, to whom she could not see—
"Word from the battle-plains to me?"

A soldier entered at the door,
And stood within the dim fire-light.
"I bring you tidings of the four,"
He said, "who left you for the fight."
"God bless you, friend," she cried, "speak on!
For I can bear it: one is gone?"
"Ay, one is gone," he said. "Which one?"
"Dear lady, he—your eldest son."

A deathly pallor shot across
Her withered face. She did not weep.
She said, "It is a grievous loss,
But God gives His beloved sleep.
What of the living—of the three—
And when can they come back to me?"
The soldier turned away his head:
"Lady, your husband, too, is dead."

She put her hand upon her brow;
A wild, sharp pain was in her eyes:
"My husband! oh, God help me now!"
The soldier shivered at her sighs;
The task was harder than he thought.
"Your youngest son, dear madam, fought
Close at his father's side; both fell
Dead by the bursting of a shell."

She moved her lips, and seemed to moan;
Her face had paled to ashen gray.
"Then one is left me—one alone,"
She said, "of four who marched away.
Oh! overruling, all-wise God,
How *can* I pass beneath Thy rod!"
The soldier walked across the floor,
Paused at the window, at the door—

Wiped the cold dew-drops from his cheek,
And sought the mourner's side again.
"Once more, dear lady, I must speak:
This last remaining son was slain
Just at the closing of the fight;
'Twas he who sent me here to-night."
"God knows," the man said afterward,
"The fight itself was not so hard."

BROTHER NED'S SISTER.

I.

Two beautiful girls were reading very quietly in a handsome parlor in one of the large, old-fashioned houses in that highly favored city whose lovers have named it "the Hub of the Universe," besides giving it various other appellations, to show their appreciation of its high literary and intellectual standing.

One, a fine-looking brunette, was poring over the last novel, so absorbed as to be utterly regardless of the scraps of news with which her companion, who was rapidly glancing over a newspaper, regaled her. At last she was roused by the exclamation: "Belle, I certainly am going to answer this advertisement. Listen to it:

"'A young gentleman, whose friends say that he is intelligent, refined, and fine-looking, would like to prevail upon some of the fair ladies of Boston to open a correspondence with him, with a view to beguiling some leisure hours, and perhaps forming an agreeable and valuable acquaintance. Should any one be curious for further information, he adds that his heart and hand are free. Address Georgia, Tremont House, Boston.'"

"Really, Clara, I can not see what there is in that particular advertisement to attract you; and, besides, I am perfectly astonished that you should wish to do any thing of the kind. Just imagine your mother's looks were she to hear you say that."

"Yes, I know that it is quite shocking, but I feel like it. His impudence and conceit certainly require a little subduing; and I feel very much inclined to undertake the task. Of course he will never see me, or even know my name; but, nevertheless, I shall manage to have some sport out of it."

"Remember, you foolish child, I warn you. Evil may come of it."

"Nonsense, Miss Propriety; how can evil come of it, if I do not choose to let it?"

"But, Clara, granting that you can answer it with impunity, how will you get a response? Where will you have it directed? You will require some one in your confidence."

Pretty Clara Fletcher looked decidedly blank at the dilemma in which she suddenly found herself; but a moment's meditation showed her a way out of the difficulty. "I know!" she cried, clapping her hands. "Brother Ned always gets the letters from the post-office, and he will manage it for me."

So brother Ned was called in and informed what was expected of him, to which he agreed without the slightest demur. He was younger than Clara, and whatsoever she did was right in his eyes; moreover, he dearly loved fun.

"Now, Belle, we will lay our heads together and concoct the letter. Put on your thinking-cap, please, and give me the benefit of your wit."

"Clara, I do not think it would be right for me to aid and abet you in what I do not approve of."

"Well, then, just stop and listen to it."

"I suppose I can do that, though I wish you would not undertake it."

"Now I have made a beginning:

"'GEORGIA: SIR,—The unparalleled modesty and diffidence of your advertisement attracted my attention, and, as a Boston lady, I am inclined to do something toward relieving the tedium of leisure hours for one who is evidently a stranger in our city.'

"Now, Belle, what shall I say next? Let me see. I think I will tell him I have no matrimonial intentions concerning him; though I don't suppose he will believe me.

"'Perhaps it is because I am not endowed with the average amount of feminine curiosity that I am disposed to resent the latter part of your communication. I beg to inform you beforehand that this correspondence is undertaken by me solely because I love fun, and this promises to be quite a comical episode. This "agreeable and valuable acquaintance" can be further pursued by addressing Brother Ned, Box 607, Boston.'

"Now, Belle, is that saucy enough to match his?"

"It certainly is; but I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Now you need not lecture me; for, as somebody says, 'what is writ, is writ—would it were worthier.'"

"I think it were worthier if it were not writ."

"Well, I must be sowing my wild oats now. So, Ned, take the letter, and post it as soon as you can, or else this prim girl will persuade me not to send it; and what a loss that would be to the world!"

Mercury speedily departed on his errand, while Clara meditated some moments, a little frightened at what she had done, but determined to see what would come of it.

A day or two after this the fair Clara might have been seen, about the time that her brother usually came home, hovering round the door in a suspicious manner. "Clara," her mother at last exclaimed, "whom or what are you expecting, that you linger in the hall so? Why don't you go and sit with Belle?"

Just then Clara caught a glimpse through the window of her brother Ned, who, as he saw her, shook a letter over his head in a highly suggestive manner. Without heeding her mother, away she flew to get it.

"Ned, is not that my answer?"

"Well, yes, little sister; but as it's directed to me, suppose I read it?"

"Now, you dear boy, just give it to me first, and you shall read it afterward, I promise. Come up to my room."

Calling Belle to enjoy the reading, they entered Clara's sanctum.

First, the girls criticised closely the exterior of this precious document.

"Manly, handsome writing, isn't it?"

"Oh, what's the device on this seal?"

"I suppose it is meant for a hawk or falcon; but I prefer to call it a wild-goose."

"Well," said Ned, "I would respectfully suggest, as an improvement on the device, that there should be two wild-geese instead of one."

"Silence, Ned, and listen.—Belle, lend me your ears.

"'FAIR BROTHER NED,—Not the slightest doubt disturbs my equanimity lest you should really be a *brother* instead of a *sister*; for no one but a lady could have indited the piquant response elicited by my advertisement. You neglected to sign your note. Surely you will not be so hard-hearted as to have me continue the correspondence so delightfully begun without bestowing on yourself some more feminine and euphonious title.'

"I guess, Belle, I will sign myself next time, 'Brother Ned's Sister.'"

"Well, that's more feminine," said Ned; "but I am doubtful as to the euphony."

"'Permit me, daughter of the North, to take the initiative by informing you that I came from South Carolina, and expect to return to that sunny clime in about three months. Southern ideas of chivalry will not permit me to correspond with a lady under a feigned name; therefore I will tell you that I am called Frederick Harrison. Please grant me a renewal of your favor and kindness, in the shape of a speedy response to this. Remember that when one has tasted of spiced wine, other things appear flat and unpalatable; and your charming note has made me eagerly long for more. Address as on a previous occasion.'"

"Sister mine, it appears that you have learned what Sam Weller calls 'the whole art of letter-writing.'"

"How is that, Edward?"

"Why, to make your correspondent wish that there was more."

"Belle, what's your opinion of the writer?"

"More gentlemanly than I should have supposed from his advertisement. Pray do you contemplate continuing this foolish performance?"

"Certainly I do—at least for the present. I wonder if Frederick Harrison is his real name? I shall not give him mine for some time yet. Dear me! I don't know what to tell him next. Oh yes, I do. I will describe my personal appearance; and it shall be an astonishing piece of portraiture, I assure you."

The letter was accordingly written; and a more whimsical description of a young lady's personal attractions was never penned. Her correspondent, however, interpreted every thing by the rule of contraries, and seemed to be completely fascinated by the wit and cleverness displayed in her letters.

II.

Two years have elapsed since the conversation recorded above took place. Many changes have occurred meanwhile in the circumstances of our fair heroine. Her father suddenly failed in business, and soon afterward died of a broken heart, leaving his family entirely destitute. Brother Ned, a manly and high-spirited fellow, took his mother and two younger sisters to the West to seek his fortune; while Clara, with equal spirit and courage, went South to teach, and found a pleasant situation in the family of a Mr. Harris, a Georgia planter of great wealth. Clara, in a moment of repentance, had confessed to her mother the whole story of her anonymous correspondence. The good lady was naturally much shocked that her daughter should have been guilty of such imprudence; but readily forgave the little witch, on condition that the correspondence should immediately cease. Clara had received the picture of her unknown admirer, but refused to send her own in return; and the affair was soon forgotten, or remembered only as a piece of girlish imprudence, which might have had a more serious ending.

Clara, meanwhile, fairly established in her new home, is as happy as one can be who is separated from those most dear to one. Notwithstanding her frolicsome disposition, and the amount of petting she has received all her life heretofore—enough to spoil almost any other girl—she had genuine Yankee enterprise, perseverance, and love of independence lying dormant. Now the sad day of adversity has roused the latent faculties. There is some romance in her too. In what girl of twenty-two is there not? Now, the school duties for the day being over, she is lying on her lounge looking over some letters. Soon she comes upon a package, evidently from a gentleman, carefully preserved. As she looks at them she smiles involuntarily, and a sort of dreamy look comes into her eyes, that would, I think, have afforded her correspondent much pleasure, could he only have seen it. "That was a romantic episode. I wish I knew whether Fred Harrison was his real name, and whether that was his own picture: what a pity I have lost it, by-the-way. But I know it must have been. He would not have deceived me, for he was certainly in earnest, and perhaps I would have continued to write to him, under my own name—he seemed such a noble, refined fellow—but mother was so opposed to it. Nonsense!" she continued, quickly: "why should I waste my thoughts on him? He is gone, I do not know where, and I probably never shall see him. My flirting days are over. I have given up fun and frolic, and have settled down to a sober 'Yankee school-marm.' Well, it's fortunate I do not wish to flirt any more, for I am sure I do not know upon whom I could exercise my powers of fascination down here, unless perhaps upon this model son of the colonel's, who is expected to-day. But then he is said to be as solemn as an owl, and doubtless would be amazed at my audacity if he knew I even thought such impertinence concerning him."

Here she was interrupted by hearing shouts of welcome from the negroes, and soon made out the words "Welcome, Massa Fred!" over and over, in every imaginable voice. Against her will curiosity led her to the window in time to catch a glimpse of a tall figure and a curly head just entering the doorway. Soon the tea-bell summoned her to make her appearance down stairs. As she entered the room the late arrival was seated by his mother, while the two little sisters uttered exclamations of joy over the gifts he had brought them.

"Miss Fletcher, my son Frederick." Miss Fletcher bowed gravely, just raising her eyes to glance at the face of the beloved son. Something in his expression that seemed familiar made her look again—but only to assure her that he was a total stranger to her. Soon escaping to her room, she sat down a while to look out of the window, and enjoy the quiet scene before her. It was a bright, beautiful night, and her thoughts, after wandering over the world, strange to say, finally settled on Mr. Fred Harris. She could not help wondering where she had seen his face. "I will ask him when I get a chance, for he is not the solemn personage I had fancied him." Still pondering, she retired to dream of her dear ones, far away in Chicago.

A day or so after this Miss Fletcher, Mrs. Harris, and her son were seated on the piazza. Clara was watching with quiet interest the manœuvres of the humming-birds that flitted here and there, like living rainbows, among the flowers. Mr. Harris was, unobserved, studying her face with equal interest.

"Those little creatures are not quite so numerous at the West as they are here, Miss Fletcher. Perhaps the prairie life does not agree with them."

"I do not know, indeed, for I have never seen any thing of the great West."

"Pardon me, but I supposed you came from Chicago."

"No; I have lived in Boston all my life. Have you ever been to the 'Athens of America?'"

"Yes, many times, on business."

"How do you like it?"

"Knowing so little of it socially, I am scarcely a competent judge. I have but few friends there beyond business acquaintances."

"You never visited in the city, then? Do you know, it seems as though I had seen you, and I can't locate your face?"

"Indeed! that is strange. I am sure I have never seen you before; I should not have forgotten it if I had. Perhaps some one looks very much like me."

"No, that's not it. It must be only a freak of my imagination."

III.

Weeks and months passed away, and the subject was quite forgotten by Clara, as she became more and more engrossed in her round of duties, when one day it was recalled to her mind in a never-to-be-forgotten manner. The letters generally arrived at the plantation in the morning, soon after breakfast, before the family had dispersed to their several duties or pleasures. Frederick Harris entered the room on the morning in question with the mail-bag.

"Who speaks for a letter?" It is scarcely necessary to say that this question was promptly answered by all present.

"Here are half a dozen for father, two for mother, none for me, none for any one else, but plenty of papers. It's a pity, Miss Fletcher, that you should be disappointed. Why, no; here is a letter for you hidden among the papers. It may be a love-letter."

"A love-letter, indeed," said Clara, with a smiling glance at it, "for it comes from brother Ned."

"Brother Ned! I wonder if he would write to me now?" soliloquized Mr. Fred, in whom the words seemed to have evoked dreamy thoughts.

"Why," said Clara, who thought he spoke to her, "did my brother, Edward Fletcher, ever write to you?"

"Not your brother Ned, little lady, I imagine. But I must tell you that bit of romance some day."

Clara, absorbed in her brother's letter, did not heed his words. Fred Harris certainly must have been in a sentimental mood that morning. He marched straight up to his room, and began to ransack drawers, boxes, and port-folios, until he came upon some dainty little notes. These he pored over for some time, then put away carefully, with a sigh. Could it be that the existence of those letters had any connection with the steady resistance he offered to his worthy mother's efforts to unite him to some one of the heiresses of neighboring plantations?

Meantime, down stairs, sentiment and romance quite forgotten, Mrs. Harris and Clara were absorbed in a very practical discussion about housekeeping affairs. This was a subject on which the fair Clara was by no means ignorant, and recipes for all sorts of delicious compounds were repeated, until it actually made one hungry to hear them.

"Well," said Mrs. Harris, "Northern cookery is certainly quite different from that of the South, and it seems to me that the two might be mingled with advantage. You are welcome to any of my recipes, and it would be a great favor if you would copy some of yours in my book;" and off the good lady bustled to get it.

"Certainly; I will do it immediately. Which ones do you wish?"

They were specified, and Clara was busily engaged in writing, when Frederick entered.

"What are you writing in that old book of my mother's, Miss Fletcher? It looks like poetry."

"It is poetry, Mr. Harris—the poetry of cooking, as you shall see some day."

"May I not see now?"

"Why, yes, if it will afford you any satisfaction to read about butter, eggs, and sugar."

It apparently did not, for he only read a few lines, but scanned those over and over. Then he turned and looked at her with a piercing glance.

"Miss Fletcher, your writing seems familiar to me, and my face to you. Does not that impress you as being a singular coincidence?"

Clara raised her sweet blue eyes to his in innocent wonder.

"Why, no, Sir. You have probably seen the letters I wrote to Mrs. Harris before coming down here; and as for your face, perhaps some one closely resembles you."

The young man walked thoughtfully up and down the room for a few moments; then sighing as if over a hopeless case, soon buried his head in a newspaper, not so completely, however, as not to see what she was doing. Indeed, it was a singular fact that he seemed to be ever conscious of every movement of hers. He noticed that she finished her writing, and taking her work-basket, strolled toward a shaded piazza, and seated herself in the furthest corner.

He rattled the papers impatiently, and glanced in a dissatisfied manner over one after another, till finally he stopped to read a short paragraph; then, as if suddenly actuated by an irresistible impulse, joined Clara in her rosy bower.

"Miss Fletcher, I have come across such a comical matrimonial advertisement! Do read it."

She glanced over it, and remarked, in the most indifferent manner:

"Absurd, is it not?"

"What would you say if I told you that I once amused myself by inserting one of those things?"

"You! Is it possible you ever condescended to such levity?" said Clara, laughing roguishly.

Mr. Harris gravely laid down his paper, deliberately moved her work-basket to a chair, and seated himself by her side.

"Miss Clara, I promised to tell you about that romance, for such it eventually became, and made of me a knight-errant.

"Two years ago—nearly three—I was in Boston several months. Something prompted me one day to insert an advertisement in the newspaper, requesting a young lady to correspond with me. I did not give my name, but adopted that of Georgia."

Had he not been looking down for a moment he would have seen that his fair listener started, blushed, and seemed much embarrassed. Her hands fluttered about nervously for a while; then she possessed herself of the newspaper and a lead-pencil from the work-basket, and began to draw all sorts of grotesque faces and strange devices.

"Was your advertisement answered?" she murmured.

"Yes, by the spiciest letter imaginable. The lady soon after gave me a most ridiculous description of herself, and I took the liberty of believing just the opposite of it. I told her my name, or something like it, but she coquettishly refused to give hers. Through the fun and frolic there gleamed such refinement and so much true womanliness, particularly in the last two or three letters, that in a most Quixotic manner I formed an ideal; and now, without having seen her face, or even knowing her name—for she broke off the correspondence suddenly—I am searching for my fair correspondent. She knew I loved her; and I can not bring myself to think her a heartless coquette who encouraged my letters, when she saw I was in earnest, solely for fun."

"She did not! She was in earnest too!" broke in Clara, impetuously. Then, confused and covered with blushes, she rose to escape from the searching eyes that were fastened upon her. But she was not to elude him so easily. He caught her hand and exclaimed, "How do you know? Can it be that you are—?" Here his eyes fell on the paper which she had dropped; and there, in the delicate characters which he so well remembered, were the words "Brother Ned's Sister."

"Found at last! Why have you never let me know who you were? Did you not recognize me at first from my picture?"

"Your picture was lost in the confusion of the breaking up of our household; and so many sad events have happened that it never occurred to me that you were Frederick Harrison. That accounts for your face seeming familiar, and my writing. Does it not?" She tried to look up as she spoke with her old saucy smile; but something in his eyes made the attempt at roguishness a complete failure; and the bright head drooped, and once more she started to leave him; but, grown more bold, his arm drew her back to her seat. What could she have been thinking of to permit it?

"Were you really in earnest, Clara? Was my love merely a jest in your eyes?"

"Perhaps I was in earnest then; but now—"

"But now? Did the memory of Fred Harrison vanish with his picture?"

No answer.

He waited patiently a moment; then said, in a grieved voice, "Clara darling, don't you think the search for two years deserves better success? Must I be disappointed after all?"

This argument seemed to touch her heart; for, after a moment of indecision, her little hand crept into his, and her head nestled on his shoulder. It is seldom a freak of youthful folly has so satisfactory a termination.

THE HEATHEN CHINEE.

THE practical good sense of the working-men of America, which a few months ago so signally defeated the attempt to create popular excitement on the Chinese question, will not be taken in by Mr. TWEED's bill, recently introduced in the New York Legislature, to prohibit the employment of any "heathen Chinee" or cooly laborer in the State of New York, under or in pursuance of any contract made out of the State. All such contracts now existing, or which may hereafter be entered into, are declared null and void. Any person who shall introduce any Chinamen into the State, under contract, to build railroads, grade streets, make boots and shoes, or perform other labor, is declared guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be liable to a fine of not less than $1000, or more than $5000, or imprisonment in a penitentiary for not less than six months, or more than a year, or both fine and imprisonment, according to the disposition of the court toward Chinese cheap labor.

The working-men of this State know perfectly well that no such danger exists as that which is hinted at in Mr. TWEED's bill. The Chinese invasion, of which he seems to be so much afraid, is altogether mythical, as every body in his sober senses is well aware; and Mr. TWEED presumes too much on the ignorance or the prejudices of the working-men if he expects to delude them with such a flimsy cheat. The general sentiment of the American people on this question is admirably expressed in Mr. NAST's cartoon on page 149. A majority in this country still adhere to the old Revolutionary doctrine that all men are free and equal before the law, and possess certain inalienable rights which even Mr. TWEED is bound to respect. The bill is, of course, a mere catch. If the author really believed that the Chinese would soon overrun the country, and hold the balance of power at the ballot-box, he would not be among the last to bid them welcome.

PITTSBURG.

ON the 28th day of May, 1754, a company of Americans, commanded by a Virginian only twenty-two years old, fired, in the dense wilderness of the Alleghany Mountains, upon a party of French soldiers, killing their captain and wounding several of his men. It is safe to say that the echo of this volley will reverberate through history as long as time will last; for the young Virginian who there received his "baptism of fire" was GEORGE WASHINGTON. The fight was the *first* act of war in that bloody struggle known as the Old French War, and the immediate object of the contest was the possession of the key of the Mississippi Valley, where now stands the Iron City.

The present aspect of the spot brought in so memorable a manner within the area of civilization may be learned from the double-page picture of Pittsburg which we present to our readers with this issue.

Though born in the throes of a mighty struggle, nowhere else on this continent have such splendid triumphs of peace, industry, and commerce been achieved, as the following facts will show:

Pittsburg is really a complex of municipalities, embracing two cities and eleven boroughs. The Monongahela River sweeps from the south through the most densely populated district, forming with the Alleghany River, flowing from the northeast, the beautiful Ohio. Pittsburg proper lies between the two former rivers. On the south side are situated the boroughs of Ormsby, East Birmingham, West Pittsburg, Allentown, Birmingham, Monongahela, and Temperanceville. On the north bank of the Alleghany are the City of Alleghany and the boroughs of Etna and Sharpsburg. The total area covered may be estimated at about twenty-five square miles. Nine bridges cross the rivers, and the aggregate population, according to the census recently completed, amounts to very nearly two hundred thousand, while the entire county of Alleghany, which should properly be included in an estimate of the population of Pittsburg, would give a total population of over 263,000. The city is not, to one visiting it for the first time, a very attractive-looking place. The dense volumes of black smoke pouring from the hundreds of furnaces, the copious showers of soot, the constant rumbling of ponderous machinery, the clatter of wagons laden with iron, are experiences that are not calculated to make a favorable impression at first. In a very brief time, however, the visitor learns that the black canopy is the "pillar of cloud" to Pittsburgers, assuring them that the vast industries are still prospering. He learns, too, that the rugged-looking hills bounding the horizon are full of riches in the shape of bituminous coal. The mass of the inhabitants, if they do labor and toil, are educated, even refined, ever alive to the beautiful as well as to the useful. They are clever, sociable, and generous. The public buildings, churches, halls, etc., compare favorably with any in the land, in spite of the awful smoke.

Iron, steel, glass, coal, and petroleum are the leading interests of this wonderful hive of industry. Here are forty-two iron-mills, consuming nearly 400,000 tons of metal annually, employing 15,000 hands, who receive over $10,000,000 of wages per annum. One-fourth of all the pig-metal made in the United States is consumed in Pittsburg. The iron, sent to every part of the continent, is acknowledged of superior quality.

For a number of years only the lower grades of steel were made here; but now the finest qualities are produced; and for edge-tools the competent judges of the New England manufactories declare it to be equal to the best English steel. There are seven large steel-works, producing nearly thirty thousand tons of steel annually, sent to twenty-four States.

One-half of the glass made in the Union is produced at Pittsburg, whose sixty glass-manufactories employ five thousand hands, receiving over $3,000,000 of wages a year. The export tables show that twenty-nine States, besides several Territories, and Canada, received their glass from this point.

The coal trade is one of the principal sources of the wealth of the smoky city. Over two hundred collieries are now in operation, which shipped nearly one hundred millions of bushels. And the coke business is making tremendous strides, ranging its customers from Boston to Omaha. These two interests represent a business of more than fifteen millions of dollars per annum. There are sixty petroleum refineries located at Pittsburg, with a capacity of 36,000 barrels per day.

It would lead us too far to notice the rest of the fifteen hundred manufacturing establishments, embracing locomotive and copper works, gun foundries, chemical works, cotton-mills, car and carriage works, plow-factories, planing-mills, etc. Suffice it to say, that all these, if placed side by side, would form a line of over fifty miles long!

The free navigation of the Ohio River, affording cheap water communication with nineteen States of the Union, embracing over a million of square miles, and measuring over twelve thousand miles upon *thirty* different rivers, is of the greatest importance to the city. The tonnage of Pittsburg, composed of steamers, barges, and boats, exceeds that of New York; and the trade of the Ohio River, estimated by the government engineers at eight hundred millions of dollars, equals the entire foreign commerce of the United States.

Pittsburg, in conclusion, is not only working up the mineral treasures of its native soil, but draws supplies of ores, chemicals, etc., from all parts of the country from Lake Superior to Arkansas and Louisiana; nay, it is no exaggeration to say that nearly the whole world is laid under contribution to keep her immense and multifarious industries constantly supplied with the necessary material.

FRIENDLY ADVANCES.

WHEN DE PALADINES set out upon his march to Paris the good people of Orleans were looking forward to brighter times. Paris was to be relieved; the New-Year would be truly a happy one; the detested invader had been cleared out of their town; and they would be able to spend their Christmas comfortably, and have a joyful *jour de l'an*. One sad day all was changed. The enemy came thundering at their gates again, and their own brave fellows, beaten, but by no means disheartened, had to leave them. Once more the German quartermasters went round marking the doors—"ten soldiers" here, "twenty soldiers" there—and then the Germans came tramping in and were sent off to their billets, and all hope of a merry Christmas for the towns-people was at an end. It was a cruel disappointment, after all the hopes and anticipations. To have one's larder stripped early on Christmas morning is hard to bear, but to have one's house taken into the bargain must be past endurance.

In the cottage shown in the illustration on page 148 some soldiers, who have been quartered there, are endeavoring to make friendly advances. But this is not an easy task. The master of the house has dashed a proffered glass to the ground, and stands sullenly by. He will not drink with his enemies. The mother is in tears; the old people are in the back-ground trying to conciliate the soldiers returning from duty by some show of civility. One of the Germans, with a touch of kindly feeling in his heart—perhaps he is thinking of his own children at home—is trying to bribe the little girl with a toothsome gingerbread pig into some show of friendship, and it is still doubtful which will gain the day, fear of the stranger or love of his cakes. But there is no gingerbread pig to offer their unwilling host; he has been ground down by misfortune, or, as one such said to a visitor, "he is seasoned to misery;" he has his own woes and his country's woes to imbitter him; and though FRANZ may pat his daughter on the head, and stuff her mouth with sweet gingerbread, and be as genial and kindly and considerate as circumstances will admit, the Frenchman would be delighted to see a shell come plump among the Christmas party, and clear them and their tree out of his dwelling, even although he should himself get a gash or two from a splinter.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A PETRIFIED Indian is said to have been found not far from Greenfield, Massachusetts. It has been publicly exhibited, though we are not informed whether it belongs to the tribe of Sioux, Pequot, or Creek, or whether it is the "last of the Mohicans." Possibly it may be related to the "Cardiff Giant."

The occupant of a comfortable home in a country village can not imagine the miserable quarters which many of the poor of New York are forced to inhabit. In the Fourth Ward of this city is a lot 240 by 150 feet in size. It is occupied by 20 tenant houses, 111 families, 5 stables, a soap and candle factory, and a tan-yard. In one block of this same ward are to be found 59 old buildings, occupied by 382 families, in which are 2 Welsh, 7 Portuguese, 9 English, 10 American, 12 French, 39 negroes, 186 Italians, 189 Poles, 218 Germans, and 812 Irish. Here is a village of no mean size bounded by four city streets.

All the German libraries are rich in documents illustrating the progress made in the art of printing from century to century. In the library at Munich is a very ancient Koran, the prayer-book of Albert Dürer, four Gospels, called the *Codex Aureus*, bearing the date of 870, also another four Gospels, dated 1024. This immense library numbers about eight hundred thousand volumes, which fill seventy-seven large rooms, and are free to all. The library building is a magnificent one, built in the Byzanto-Florentine style. Its front measures five hundred and twenty feet, it is eighty feet in height, and has seventy-two large windows. Four colossal statues are in front of the building—they are Homer, Hippocrates, Thucydides, and Aristotle.

A Boston young lady keeps in her porte-monnaie a pathetic appeal to the light-fingered gentry, in which the sufferings she would endure if deprived of her money are so feelingly presented, that the purse has been returned to her intact on three occasions.

In a letter written from Florence we find it stated that the artist Powers has been forced to take a peculiar method of protecting himself against those who would gratify their vanity by giving an order for a bust and never paying for it. In his studio, attached to some six or eight busts of persons from different States of the North, are cards with the names and prices, and a statement that they have been ordered and never paid for.

A nice place must India be for a residence! A statement has been published that during the year 1869 11,416 persons died from snake-bites in the Madras Presidency alone. And in the same district 311 persons were killed by wild beasts.

There is a prospect that we shall have a reform in the dispensation of drugs, and fewer fatal mistakes be made in filling prescriptions. Druggists' clerks are to be properly qualified for their important position, and to receive a certificate from an examining board of physicians. At least such is the suggestion which has been made in the Legislature.

The superintendent of a Sunday-school in a country town in Massachusetts had given to the pupils a certain portion of the Sermon on the Mount, which they were to read over carefully, and he to question them upon it. The following Sunday the children were asked, "Who was persecuted for righteousness sake?" when a bright little fellow answered, promptly, "Jesus Christ." "Who else?" was then asked, and another smart lad answered, "Stephen." "Who else?" asked the superintendent, when an older boy replied, "William Lloyd Garrison." "Who else?" was again asked, and a young lady in the infant class promptly answered, "John Brown." And when the question was next put, a fat lad, with apparent confidence in his correctness, replied, "Andy Johnson." With this climax the catechising was ended.

When Paris surrendered the supply of food in the city was so low that the Germans were obliged to feed the famishing people with their rations. M. Jules Favre appealed to the Emperor of Germany for help; and William, in reply, immediately ordered six millions of rations and fifteen thousand head of cattle to be sent into Paris.

The new missionary brig *Missionary Star*, which was recently launched at Boston, has been built, like the one which was wrecked on the Micronesian Islands last year, by contributions from the Congregational Sabbath-schools for the use of the missionary stations in the islands of the Pacific Ocean, under the direction of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. The vessel goes to Honolulu, where she will pass under the control of the Hawaiian Board of Missions, who will bear the expense of her cruising; but she will continue under the American flag, and be commanded and officered by Americans. When ready for sea she will have cost about $27,000.

Many who are charitably disposed find themselves quite at a loss to know how to meet the numerous appeals which are constantly made to them in this city. The wretched-looking child who stands day after day at the street corner piteously asking for "a penny," or the squalid woman, with a puny babe in arms, who sits persistently on the steps of some church asking alms, *may* be worthy objects of charity. Yet the probability is that money given them is worse than wasted—is expended in life-destroying drink. The "Forty-fourth Annual Report of the New York City Mission and Tract Society" contains the following suggestions to the benevolent, which may often prove useful to those who lack time to investigate individual cases themselves, or who do not understand the best methods of dealing with the cases brought to their notice:

"If you meet with persons in distress, refer them to the nearest city missionary or poor-visitor, who will investigate the case, and dispose of it as it may be found wise and practicable. If you see a homeless, innocent young girl, direct her to the Girls' Lodging-House, 125 Bleecker Street. If there is a poor, friendless boy who would like a good home, put him on the way to the Juvenile Asylum, 61 West Thirteenth Street. If you learn of sickness, call upon the dispensary physician. If a father or a mother be taken away, and the surviving parent needs a place for the children, there is the Half-Orphan Asylum, Tenth Street, near Sixth Avenue. If you find children deprived of both parents, there is the Leake and Watts Orphan House and the Bloomingdale Asylum open to them. The beggar, the vagrant, and the indolent should be directed to No. 66 Third Avenue, corner of Eleventh Street, that they may find admission to the public institutions. A careful examination of the list of societies of the City Directory will show that there is hardly any class of persons, or any form of suffering, or any condition of want, that is not recognized and cared for in one way or other."

Applications made for immediate relief at unseasonable hours of the night are usually from impostors. If unknown, it is better to direct them to the nearest station-house, which is always open for their reception.

Isabella, ex-Queen of Spain, has not allowed the troubles of her life to rest heavily upon her. She must have kept her mind in a comfortably quiet condition, or she could not have attained the weight of 238 pounds, with an increasing tendency to adipose.

Rev. Dr. Storrs, who has been pastor of the Pilgrim Church, Brooklyn, for nearly twenty-five years, recently sailed for Europe, with his wife and two daughters.

The great sensation in Williamsburg at the time of this writing is a mysterious creature who goes about with a knife, or some other sharp weapon, and amuses himself by stabbing women in the streets. Six or eight persons have received wounds at different times. A youth, apparently about sixteen years old, has been seen running away after the injuries have been inflicted, consequently suspicion has fallen upon him. It is to be hoped these are the mad freaks of a lunatic.

The celebrated German painter of battle-pieces, Feodor Dietz, recently died at Gray, France, of heart-disease. He wore the red cross, and was one of the managers of the Baden Sanitary Corps. "Vienna Besieged by the Turks" was the last picture he had painted, to which he had just given the finishing touches. He was born in 1812, and was court painter to the Grand Duke of Baden.

Steam communication will probably be soon established between San Francisco and New Zealand. Indeed, the present year promises to be prolific in new steamship companies. Steamers will soon enter this port belonging to newly organized lines between London and Liverpool and Stettin; a new line is now in operation between Liverpool and the western South American ports, through the Straits of Magellan; and a new weekly line between Philadelphia and Liverpool will probably be established.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN Indian chief, in a telegraph-office in Montana, being told that the operator was "talking with a white brother two thousand miles distant," gave it as his opinion that that was the *longest talk* he had ever witnessed.

MATRIMONIAL.

THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE.

My dearest, are you going out?
  Indeed, 'tis very cold.
Let me, sweet love, around your neck
  This handkerchief enfold.

You know how anxious for your health,
  My own dear George, am I.
One loving kiss before we part—
  Good-by, sweet chuck, good-by!

THREE YEARS AFTER MARRIAGE.

You're going out!—why don't you go?
  I can not help the rain.
You wouldn't grieve me mightily
  To ne'er come back again!

Umbrella? I don't know where 'tis!
  What 'll you want next, I wonder?
Don't pester me about your cold.
  Good gracious, go to thunder!

A Missouri newspaper claims that the hogs of that State are so fat that in order to find out where their heads are it is necessary to make them squeal, and then judge by the sound.

THE "ILE" OF MAN—Elbow-grease.

There is in a Western State a woman so cleanly that she rubs the dirt off the fire-wood before she puts it in the stove. Another woman tries to beat this by pulling the growing beets out every morning and washing the dirt off them.

"Chicken recreation" is a new name in Louisiana for cock-fights.

Two boot-blacks were passing up Chatham Street, when one accosted the other with, "I say, Jack, 'f I's you I'd be ashamed o' myself, picking up old second-hand chaws terbacker!" "'Tend to your own business," retorted Jack. "I guess this is good enough to learn on."

Young men who go to see girls have adopted a novel method of obtaining kisses. They assert, on the authority of scientific writers, that the concussion produced by a kiss will cause the flame of a gas jet to flicker, and easily induce the girl to experiment in the interest of science. The first kiss or two, the parties watch the flame to see it flicker; but soon become so interested in the experiments as to let it flicker if it wants to.

Dr. Macleod and Dr. Watson were crossing a lake together in the West Highlands, in company with a number of persons, when a storm came on with terrible force. One of the passengers was heard to say, "The two ministers should begin to pray, or we'll be drowned." "Na, na," said the boatman; "the little ane can pray if he like, but the big ane maun tak' an oar."

A young man's affections are not always wrong, but they are generally miss-placed.

The following is told of a young society gentleman, who graduated from Harvard. On the examination in physics he was asked: "Mr. ——, what planets were known to the ancients?" "Well, Sir," he responded, "there were Venus, and Jupiter, and"—after a pause—"I think, the Earth, but I'm not quite certain."

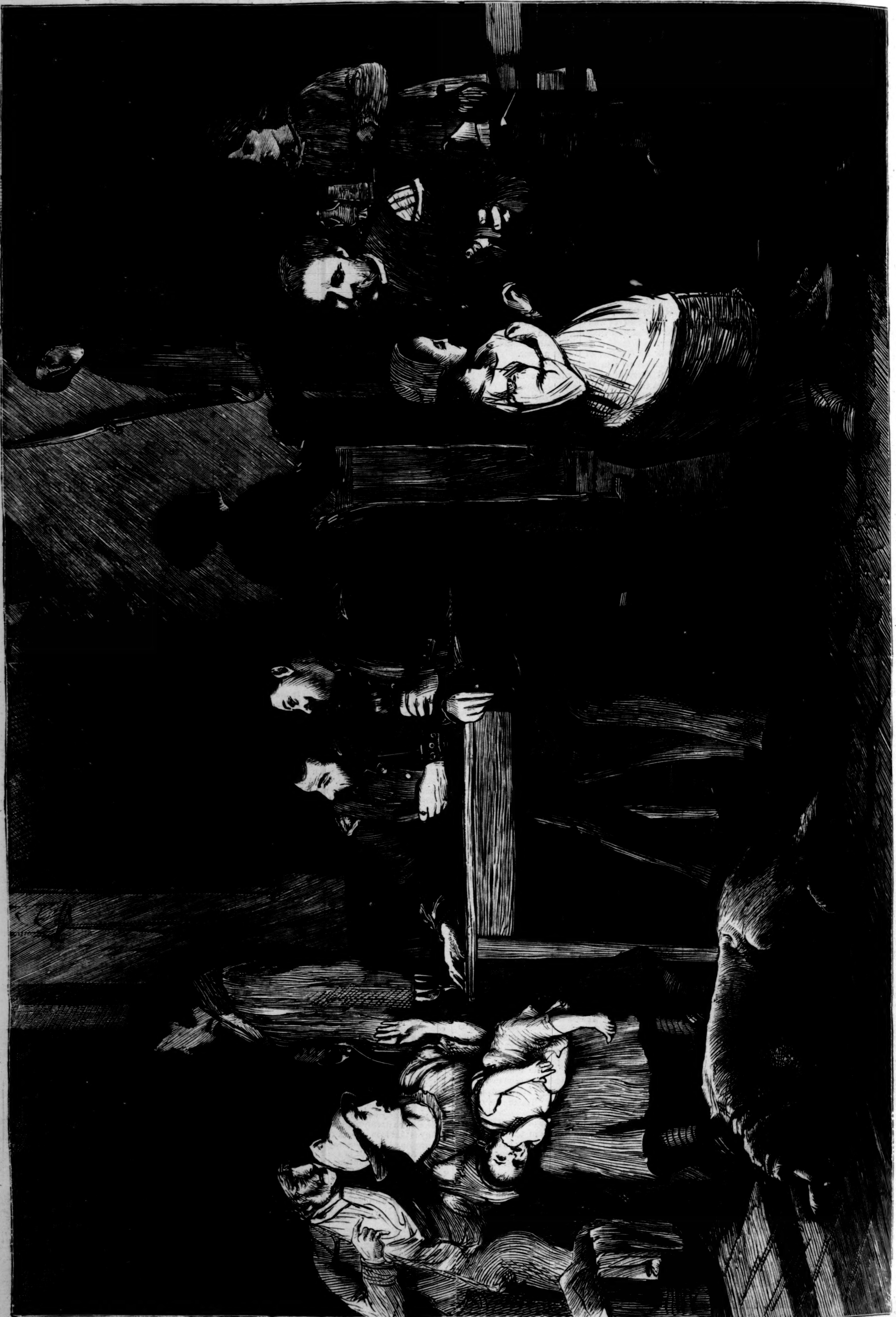
A gentleman traveling in Ireland said to a very importunate beggar, "You have lost all your teeth." The beggar quickly answered, "An' it's time I parted with um, when I'd nothing for um to do."

The young gentleman who sang,

"My heart and lute are all the store
That I can bring to thee,"

was solemnly assured by the young lady's paternal relative that it would be quite impossible to support a family upon the receipts of such a *store*, and earnestly enjoined him not to undertake the experiment with any member of his family.

"Steam," said Dr. Lardner, "is the great annihilator—it annihilates time and space." "Yes," said another, "and multitudes of passengers, too."



THE GERMANS IN ORLEANS—FRIENDLY ADVANCES.—[See Page 147.]

THE CHINESE QUESTION.—[SEE PAGE 147.]

COLUMBIA.—"HANDS OFF, GENTLEMEN! AMERICA MEANS FAIR PLAY FOR ALL MEN."

FATE versus THE DOCTOR.

There is a big house on the hill and a small house under the hill, both inhabited by members of the honorable family of Brown; and to each appertains an only daughter of the name of Mary. With the exception of this one accidental point of resemblance, there is nothing in common between the wealthy, plentiful home above and the bare little cottage below; and even this is fast vanishing, for in the rarefied and aristocratic atmosphere of "The Hill" the sweet homeliness of the Mary has long since given place to a diminutive, and Judge Brown's only daughter is generally known under the name of "May."

Pretty May is at this moment brushing out her crimps, and otherwise preparing for an evening entertainment; while little Mary, whose wavy yellow hair needs no crimps, and is, in fact, her sole beauty, is lying in bed, with a meek patience on her pale face which is pitiful to see. There she has lain for two years, poor child! and it is hard to comprehend how Widow Brown has managed—what between nursing by night and washing other people's clothes all day long. She "niver could," she says, "if it hadn't been for the saints and Dr. Hetley—and glory be to 'em both for the same."

The Dr. Hetley mentioned in such honorable companionship is in the kitchen at this instant, busily mixing a sleeping-powder for his little patient. The materials therefor came out of his pocket—they "happened to be there," he said. Such happenings were not infrequent when the doctor visited a bare home like this.

He is an immensely tall, angular young man, with long legs and arms, a kind face, and a pair of sweet short-sighted gray eyes. I suppose I may as well own at once that he is the hero of this little tale, and in love with May. You people who read the weeklies get to be so sharp and experienced in love-affairs that there is no use trying to deceive, or attempting to spring an unforeseen catastrophe upon you. The moment Dr. Hetley was mentioned half of you, I know, said to yourselves, "There he comes." And you were right —only, you must understand, my doctor was a very modest young fellow, and hadn't the faintest notion of the luck in store for him; and though May, perhaps— But let me not anticipate.

Mary was talking to her mother about something which seemed to excite her.

"All pink, you know, mother, with green edges to it. Oh! do you think I'll iver git one?"

"Whist! mavourneen; who'd be after sending it—"

"But, mother"—in a disappointed tone—"Judy says they always come, and it's St. Valentine sends 'em. He's a saint, you know."

"What's that?" called out the doctor.

"Oh! it's only Mary as is a thrubbling her head about Judy Macarthy's valentine, which she showed her to-day, and asking 'Will she ever have one?' I tell her there's no likelihood. Who'd be sending her one, you know!"

"Do you want one very much, pussy?" asked Dr. Hetley, appearing at the door, with a smile.

"Judy said almost all little girls as old as eight did get 'em," replied Mary, shyly.

"So they do! Judy was right; and I think you'll have one, Mary, provided"—and the kind face grew quizzically solemn—"you take your dose without making any faces, and sleep all tonight without waking up once. Valentine's Day isn't till to-morrow, you know."

Such a tender, grateful, pleased look! It followed the doctor down the street. "Poor little soul!" he thought; "I'll write her one myself."

This was easier said than done. All sorts of people seemed needing medical aid that day. They pounced on him from door-steps, waylaid him round corners, hailed loudly from upper windows. A man had been smashed on the railroad —a boy had scalded his foot. Altogether it was eight in the evening before the hunted doctor reached home and swallowed his tea; and there was that party at the Browns to dress for! Dr. Hetley dreaded parties. They always made him miserable—conscious of his elbows, of his deficiencies in small-talk; but May had given the invitation herself, and was irresistible. Half-way through his toilet, he remembered the valentine.

"There!" he said, half aloud; "that poor child! It is always the way! The little ones get crowded out;" and going across the room, he began to rummage in a drawer. True enough, there was the very thing—a box of dainty paper, with tinted monogram—gift of a stylish sister-in-law, but never used or remembered till now. No danger that small Mary would evolve the initials from their complicated interlacement. Hurry winged his wits. In ten minutes the following was written and copied:

> "Mary had a little lamb,
> As the nursery legends tell:
> I am not little, nor a lamb—
> But I love Mary well.
>
> "My fleece is not as white as snow,
> I can't so much as 'baa!'
> But wheresoever May may go
> I follow from afar.
>
> "And if a lamb's dumb, earnest love
> Could such answer gain,
> May my silence, unreproved,
> Be not all in vain.
>
> "Blest and happy, all and each,
> Who their love can tell,
> I for loving find no speech,
> But—I love you well.
>
> "Valentine."

Perhaps some other and larger Mary had strayed into the doctor's mind while writing. He smiled faintly as he read it over. "Sad stuff," he thought; "but it will amuse the child." Then he opened the door and called, "Bob!"

Bob, the office-boy, responded.

"Take this note round to Mrs. Brown's. Ring the bell *hard*, leave it on the step, and run away. Don't let any one see you. It's a valentine, you know."

"Cracky!" said Bob, half aloud, as he departed on this congenial errand. "Well! I'm blowed if I ever did! What's the doctor up to now?"

The party was well under way when Dr. Hetley made his appearance. He entered, shrinking and nervous, trying to make out with his near-sighted vision where the lady of the house might be, and where the dancers were *not*; for he had a mortal and well-grounded terror of those pitfalls spread for the unwary by muslin trains. May espied him, and advanced to the rescue.

"Oh, doctor! how do you do? We began to be afraid you were going to break your promise. You are looking for mamma? Here she is, in this corner."

Mrs. Brown turned with cordial greeting, but May did not go away. She stood quietly beside her mother, looking prettier, the doctor thought, than ever before, in her simple, elegant dress of white and blue. "Sweet," "homelike," "womanly," were the words her face suggested—"the very woman to make a fireside bright, and a husband perfectly happy," which reflection had occurred to him perhaps fifty times before. He gave an inaudible sigh.

Mrs. Brown was called off, and the doctor and May went on talking. Somehow it was easy to talk to May.

Suddenly the door-bell gave a terrific peal.

"Gracious!" said May, with a jump. "*What* a ring!—What is it, Ann?" to a servant who now came into view, spying about as if in search of somebody.

"A note for you, Miss May, somebody left."

"It may want an answer," May said. "Will you forgive me if I open?" She broke the seal. Her fair face flushed crimson. The doctor inadvertently glanced that way. Horror of horrors! He recognized his own handwriting. There was the seal, the monogram—there could be no mistake. It was the very valentine so lately penned. Oh, that wretched boy!

If ever luckless lover wished the earth to open and swallow him up, it was the doctor at that moment. What had he said? or, rather, what had he *not* said? The moments seemed interminable. Would May ever get through reading, ever look up? And just then—"the curse of a granted prayer"—she did look up: a half glance, nipped in the bud by finding him looking at her; and, blushing deeper, she again dropped her eyes. But amidst all her confusion there was no anger, no scorn; and, for all his shyness of modesty and short sight, this fact did dawn upon our hero, and give him courage. Strange to say, he recovered self-possession first.

The silence became intolerable. May, with trembling fingers, was trying to fold up her letter.

"Miss Brown," he said, very gently and gravely, "will you allow me to explain something?"

"Certainly," replied May. It was all she could contrive to utter.

"It was impossible for me to help seeing what you held in your hands. I wrote those verses."

"I knew the hand and initial," was the answer, in a low tone.

"But I didn't mean—pray believe it—that the silly production should ever meet your eyes. It is all a mistake."

"Whose, then?" asked May, wonderingly, turning her gaze upon him.

"Little Mary Brown's, under the hill. The poor child was wishing for a valentine; so I scribbled that for her just as I was coming out, and left it for my boy to carry round. It is a mistake of his."

"It was very good of you," said May, trying to smile. But the smile was faint and weary, and she had grown strangely pale.

"But," pursued the doctor, with unwonted fire, "suppose it *had* been written for you; or, rather, suppose in another form of words—the truest, the worthiest—I had expressed the same feeling, had told the love that is in my heart, May—would you—"

"Well?" said May, with a rainbow smile.

"Would you have been angry?"

The rose-flush had swept back again to the sweet cheeks, the blue eyes met his confidingly.

"No," said the honest-hearted girl, coloring deeper with the effort to be true—"no; I should have been very glad!" Then, as the enraptured doctor, forgetting all place and things besides, seized her hand, she added, hurriedly, "Oh, please, remember! These people will think us crazy. We must not stand here any longer," taking his arm. Then, with a little laugh: "Mary Brown, under the hill, must do without her valentine, I am afraid. I can't give it up, though it did come to me under false pretenses. But we will buy her the prettiest one in town to-morrow to make up for it, won't we?" What music sometimes lies embodied in a "We!"

I need not go on with the story, I am sure. May and the doctor were married about six months later. They are very happy. The doctor was just the man to be made or marred according as some woman said "No" or "Yes." He would have developed into a dry, ungainly old bachelor enough. As it is, thanks to his wife, he makes the most charming of husbands. All his *mauvaise honte* has melted away in the sunshine of happiness, and he shines out the manly, excellent fellow he was meant to be.

Mrs. Hetley took Bob under her special protection, and rewarded him for his lucky stupidity by a new suit and an increase of wages. What the effect of this immoral proceeding may be on the doctor's future office-boys is questionable. I should say, bad; but that is May's look-out—not ours.

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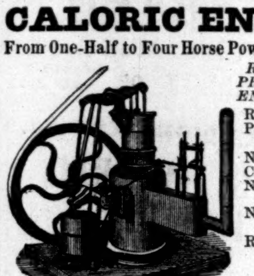

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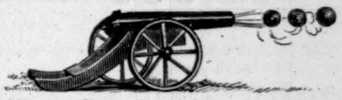

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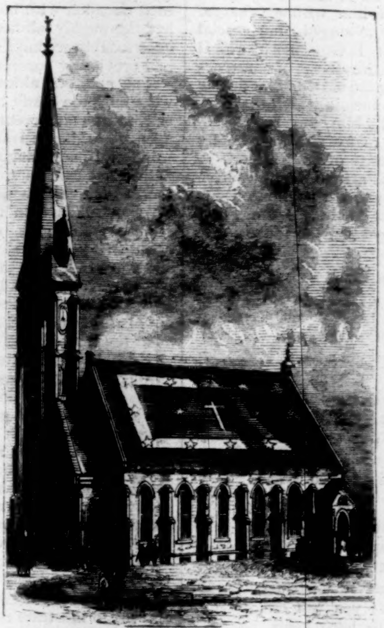
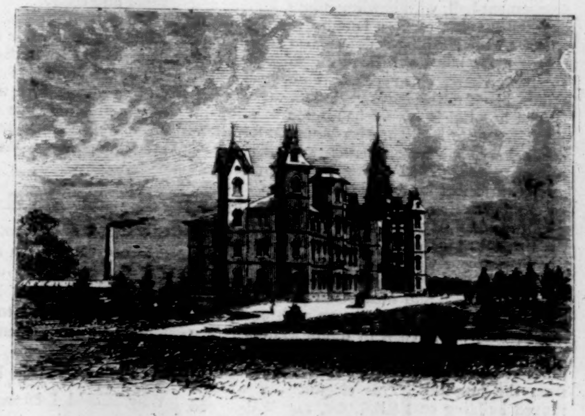
SOLDIERS' HOME, DAYTON, OHIO.

About three miles west of the pleasant town of Dayton, Ohio, is situated the "National Asylum for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers," commonly known as the "National Soldiers' Home." It is only about three years old, and yet has grown to be not only the largest and most flourishing institution of the kind in this country, but one of the largest in the world. It was established by an act of Congress, approved March 21, 1866, and placed under the control of a Board of Managers, of which the President of the United States, the Chief Justice, and the Secretary of War are ex officio members. Nine others were appointed by Congress, as follows: Major-General B. F. Butler, of Lowell, Massachusetts; Major-General John H. Martindale, of Rochester, New York; Jay Cooke, Esq., of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Honorable Lewis B. Gunckel, of Dayton, Ohio; Governor Frederick Smith, of Manchester, New Hampshire; Dr. Erastus B. Wolcott, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Brigadier-General John S. Cavender, of St. Louis, Missouri; Hon. Hugh L. Bond, of Baltimore, Maryland; General Thomas O. Osborn, of Chicago, Illinois.

THE HOME.



THE CHAPEL.



THE HOSPITAL.

THE DINING-HALL.

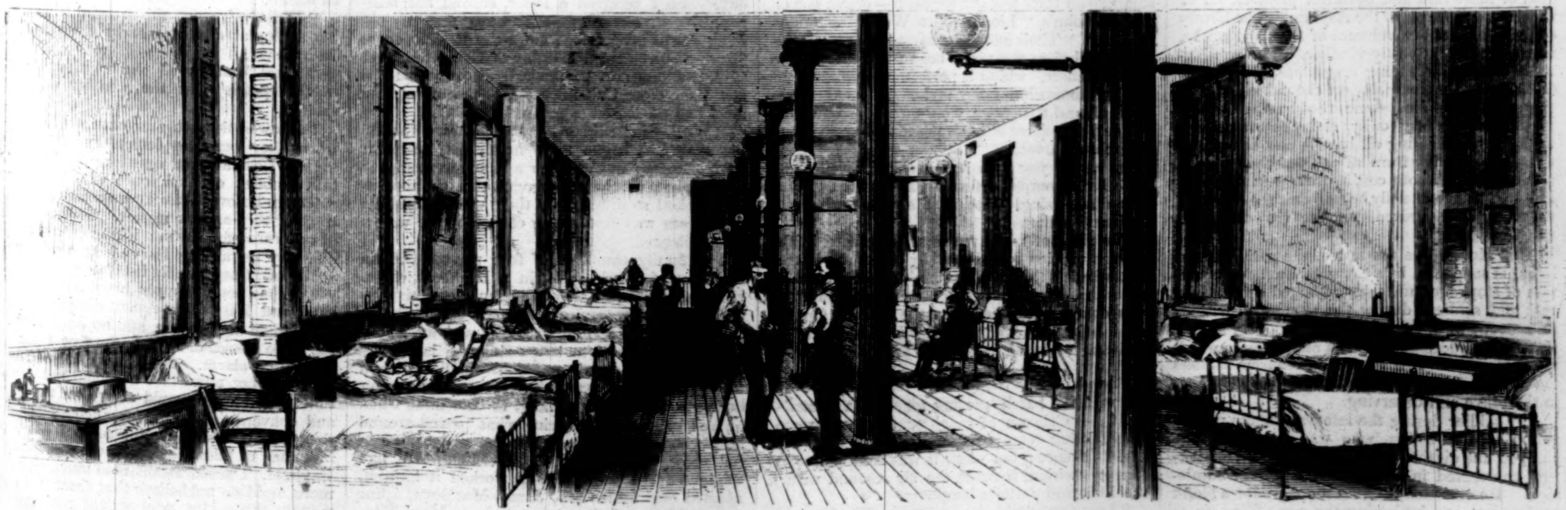
The Board, at its first meeting, elected General Butler President, and Mr. Gunckel as Secretary; and it has kept up the same organization ever since.

The act of Congress authorized the Board of Managers to establish one or more asylums; and under it the Central Asylum was established at Dayton, Ohio; the Eastern branch at Augusta, Maine; and the Western at Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

The grounds attached to the Home comprise five hundred acres, and the site overlooks the town and the beautiful valley of the Miami for miles around. They have been laid out under the supervision of a competent landscape gardener, and broad avenues, beautiful lakes, splendid groves, and cultivated lawns now combine to make it one of the most attractive places in the country. Sufficient land is reserved for orchards and gardens, which will soon furnish all the fruit and vegetables needed in the Asylum. Besides, there is a green-house and a conservatory, both of which are filled with rare plants and beautiful flowers. Several acres have been inclosed with a tasteful wire fence as a deer-park, where a dozen or more deer—several of them sent from Look-out Mountain—are kept by an old soldier who was once deer-keeper to the King of Prussia. A beautiful feature of the grounds—and one not equaled by any thing in our Central Park—is a deep ravine, converted into a lovely grotto, reached by stone steps, containing four remarkable springs, two of which are said to have rare medicinal qualities, and embracing rustic bowers and seats, a miniature fountain and lake, beds of beautiful flowers, etc. The buildings are about forty in number, among the finest of which is the church, built of stone, in the Gothic style. The barracks consist of nine large three-story structures, each one hundred feet long by thirty feet wide, with French roofs, and uniform in size and appearance. They have windows on four sides, with no partitions, and with perfect natural ventilation, and are admirably adapted for sleeping-rooms. Another building, similar in appearance, but much larger, is called music hall, and is designed for concerts, lectures, etc., with rooms on the second and third floors for band, singing-clubs, telegraph and printing offices, and school-room. Another is used as head-quarters, with offices of governor, surgeon, chaplain, etc.; another for quartermaster and commissary stores, with post-office, store, etc., which is built of brick, and is

THE LIBRARY.

THE BOAT-HOUSE.



INTERIOR OF THE HOSPITAL.

fire-proof; another for library, reading-room, school-room, and society hall. Back of these buildings is the dining-room, and in the rear of it are the kitchen, bakery, etc. Then there are six one-story frame buildings, twenty-five by one hundred feet, intended for work-shops; a large amusement hall, with bowling-alleys, billiard and bagatelle tables, etc.; a laundry run by steam, where all the washing is done; also half a dozen cottages for officers' residences, work-shops for cabinet-makers, shoemakers, tinners, saddlers, tailors, blacksmiths, butchers, broom-makers, etc.

The hospital is a very handsome building of brick, three stories high, with basement for kitchen, bakery, medicated baths, smoking-rooms, mortuary, etc. The building is two hundred and ninety-three feet long, and composed of a centre or administration building forty-one feet by one hundred and thirty-one, and two wings for wards for the sick, each of the six wards being thirty-one by sixteen, with two rooms in the towers, twelve feet square, attached to each ward, and fitted up for bath and wash rooms, water-closets, etc. There is a dining-room on each floor, connected with the kitchen by dumb-waiters. The building is heated by steam, but the boiler, etc., are in a separate building at least a hundred feet from the hospital. This elegant and well arranged building cost $185,000, and is designed to accommodate three hundred persons.

Believing that men are every where more healthy and happy by having something to do, it has been a cherished object of the management to encourage employment of every kind, by giving a moderate compensation for every kind of useful labor. All non-commissioned officers, clerks, ward-masters, engineers, nurses, cooks, bakers, etc., are taken from the inmates, and paid for their work. Mechanics of every description are given shops, and encouraged to work at their trades, all the profits being given to them. In construction, all the painting on all the buildings was done by one-armed painters, inmates of the Home. So, much of the furniture in the buildings was made, and much of the lighter work in smoothing and adorning the grounds done, by disabled soldiers. And almost all the labor in the gardens and orchards is done by the same class of men.

But all can not work. Some two hundred and fifty men are in hospital beds, and many others are too badly wounded to do any work; and, besides, the management believes that all should *play* as well as *work;* therefore especial pains are taken to furnish entertainments and all the amusement possible. An amusement hall, with four bowling-alleys, a billiard-table, and two bagatelle-tables, is provided. In addition, chess, checkers, backgammon, etc., are furnished for the different wards. A brass band, composed wholly of disabled soldiers, plays on the grounds every afternoon. A string band, an English glee club, a German singing-society, and a negro minstrel troupe, all organized at the Home, give frequent concerts. Besides, the musical clubs and choirs from the city make frequent visits and volunteer delightful concerts, and traveling lecturers, as well as musical troupes, often favor the Home without charge. There is also a society hall for meetings; and flourishing lodges of the Grand Army of the Republic, Good Templars, etc., furnish pleasant and profitable evening entertainments for the men.

Another excellent feature of the institution is a school, where veterans are instructed in useful callings. Here men who lost their right arm are taught to write with the left hand. Others are taught book-keeping, and others still are prepared for teaching school, so that they can go out in the world again and earn their own living; others are learning to read, some of them (mostly colored men) having to commence at the alphabet. A large class are being taught telegraphy, with a view of earning a living as telegraph operators; and to facilitate their studies, as well as to connect the Asylum with the outside world, a telegraph line has been erected to the city. There are also classes in music, both instrumental and vocal. A printing-office, with a fine Gordon press, and complete in all its parts, is in successful operation, which, besides doing all the printing of the Asylum, enables one-legged and other disabled men to learn type-setting as a means of future employment. Many one-armed men have learned trades, such as painting, suited to their disability, while others still are taught broom-making basket-making, etc.

The library and reading-room constitute another pleasant feature of the Home. The library is a large, handsome room, adorned with a hundred or more rare and beautiful pictures, all of which were donated to the Asylum. The library contains about 3000 volumes of standard works, many of them in costly binding. The reading-room has all the leading magazines and reviews (including the pictorials) on the tables, and in the stands are filed some two hundred newspapers—about fifty daily, and the remainder weekly—representing all parties and denominations, and coming from all parts of the country, all furnished without cost by their generous publishers. It need hardly be said that these rooms, thirty by one hundred feet, are crowded from morning to night.

This Home, like the rest of the national asylums, is supported by a Congressional appropriation of stoppages and fines adjudged against officers and soldiers during the war, all forfeitures on account of desertion from the service, and all moneys due deceased officers and soldiers which are unclaimed. It is a contribution from soldiers to soldiers—from bounty-jumpers and bad soldiers to the brave and deserving.

Any soldier during the late war for the preservation of the Union, who was honorably discharged and disabled by wounds received or sickness contracted in the service, can gain admission. He can send to either manager for a blank application, and by having the same filled up as per directions, and returned to the manager, can have transportation sent him without charge. This Home is admirably managed; but special credit is due to Hon. LEWIS B. GUNCKEL, the local manager, who has had entire charge of construction, and to whom belongs the entire credit for the rapid and economical manner in which the Asylum has been erected. To him, too, largely belongs the honor for the many new and kindly features which are distinctive of this Home.

For the material for this article we are indebted to an interesting account of the Home which appeared some time since in the Dayton *Trade Review and Business Register;* the illustrations are from photographs.

A LITTLE LECTURE.

SIT still, child, if you know the way,
Cross your white arms upon your breast,
Let the dark glory of your hair
From bands escape.
'Tis weary always to be gay;
And sweet is silence, sweet is rest:
We drink the juices of despair
From life's crushed grape.

Why should I lecture? You are young,
And tameless as a dragon-fly,
And beautiful to look upon,
And sweet to touch.
Nothing you know of nerves unstrung,
Nor can I believe that you will die,
And go where other girls have gone.
I ask too much.

Pshaw! Flutter like a pretty bird,
Outrun the wind, outlaugh the brooks,
Flout the frail ferns with flying feet,
Outblush the rose;
Let your young petulant voice be heard
Joyous through all the forest nooks.
But where are you drifting, where—my sweet?
Who knows? Who knows?

A MAGIC CONCERT.

IT is now somewhat more than two years ago since a Parisian *savant* astonished a number of his friends by inviting them to a concert performed by musical instruments whose keys were obviously untouched by human hands. The invitations were accepted; and at the appointed time the guests, most of them of decidedly skeptical tendencies, assembled at their host's apartments, where they were ushered into a drawing-room of very modest dimensions, and presenting a perfectly ordinary appearance. In one corner of the room stood a small piano; and in the centre, raised on wooden supports, were placed a harp, a violin, and a violoncello. The visitors were requested to examine the walls and the adjoining rooms, in order to satisfy themselves that no musicians were concealed in them.

When all were convinced that no imposition of any kind was possible, the host proposed that the concert should begin. Taking a conductor's baton in his hand, he struck one of the supports with it, and then began to beat time—one, two, three. Instantly the windows shook, the room trembled, and the audience rose stupefied and bewildered. The instruments were untouched, yet the sounds they produced were deafening; the effect being that of an entire orchestra playing in the room. The overture to "William Tell" was performed with the utmost precision, to the extreme amazement of the hearers.

"That is more noisy than you like, perhaps?" suggested the host. "If you prefer it, you shall hear a quartette." The signal was given by the baton, and a beautiful quartette was exquisitely rendered by the piano, violin, violoncello, and voice.

One of the guests inquired if the musicians were hid in the rooms either above or below that in which they were assembled. Permission to investigate was immediately granted, and a search followed, which was utterly unsuccessful. One fact, indeed, was then ascertained, namely, that the music, which was heard so distinctly in the drawing-room, was inaudible elsewhere in the house. This one little room alone possessed the power of producing these mysterious sounds.

"In order to prove that these sounds are really engendered here, I have had these instruments placed as you see them. You shall now hear them play alternately." Scarcely had the *savant* uttered these words before the harp and violin—standing on their wooden supports—began one of Mendelssohn's "Lieder ohne Worte," arranged as a duet. Their exquisite harmonies were hardly ended before the piano began the overture to "Tannhauser," which it performed in an animated but somewhat noisy style. The effect was magical, and the guests were utterly astounded.

The philosopher next proposed to do something still more marvelous.

"I can, if you wish it," he said, "even make these little boards perform. This plank can, at your desire, sing, recite, beat a drum, or imitate any musical sound."

The piece of wood was scarcely placed in the position previously occupied by one of the instruments before the loud beating of a drum—as if it were calling an army to assemble preparatory to a charge—was heard in the room. On the plank being removed, the sound ceased; but on its being replaced, the drum beat as loudly as ever.

The plank was then caused to speak, which it did with the harsh, grating tones of a ventriloquist. Its shouts of laughter filled the room. On its being removed from its place, there was perfect silence; but when it was returned to its former position, it made the air resound with a mocking and derisive laugh.

These extraordinary phenomena were frequently repeated in the course of the evening, and on each occasion with increased success. The host had thoroughly fulfilled his promise. He had unquestionably accomplished what most of his guests had previously considered to be impossible.

The auditors, aided by a heated imagination, were only too ready to attribute these phenomena to the intervention of some supernatural agency; while, in truth, the whole secret of the wonderful performance was to be found in well-known acoustic laws. It was based on the fact that sound travels with much greater rapidity through solids than through air. Under ordinary circumstances, sound will travel through about 372 yards of air per second; while through the fibres of a piece of wood, in the same time, it would travel nearly 4360 yards. The rapidity of its transmission varies considerably in the different kinds of wood. Thus, through acacia, it passes at the rate of 5142 yards per second; through deal, 3630 yards; through poplar, 4670 yards; through oak, 4200 yards; and through ash, 5090 yards in the same time. Through some metals the rapidity is still greater. An iron wire, for example, transmits it at the rate of 5363 yards, and cast steel at the rate of 5436 yards, per second; while through brass its velocity is only 3888 yards. In consequence of this rapid and accurately determined transmission of sounds through solids, the slightest vibratory motion applied to the end of a piece of wood is instantly communicated to its other extremity. The fact of the ticking of a watch, held at one end of a piece of wood, being distinctly audible at the other end, suffices to illustrate this principle.

Two persons at a considerable distance from each other can carry on a conversation, without even raising their voices, by means of a wire or a wooden rod, if the ends are held between the teeth of the speakers. Herhold, a Dane, frequently excited the curiosity of his friends by enabling them, with their ears stopped, to hear music from a harmonium played 250 yards distant from them. This he succeeded in doing by stretching a wire from the instrument to the hearer, who had to hold it in his teeth.

Laths of wood transmit sounds communicated to them not only with great rapidity, but also without the slightest modification of pitch. Thus, if a lath ten yards in length is placed against the front of a house, and a tuning-fork is struck and applied to its lower end, a similar tuning-fork at its upper extremity will give exactly the same sound as the first. Fifty such forks may be used instead of two, and the lath may be of any length, and still the same results will be obtained. Consequently, every time that a wooden rod or lath is applied to the sounding-board of an instrument, it will transmit any notes produced by the instrument, causing the auditors to hear the sounds as clearly as if they were produced in their immediate vicinity.

A knowledge of these facts serves to explain the mystery of the Magic Concert. A small orchestra had been concealed in the area, and rods of deal connected the instruments there employed with those in the drawing-room where the guests were assembled—the wooden supports which have been mentioned being placed there as coverings to the upper ends of the rods. The guests, by these means, heard in the drawing-room up stairs the pieces of music which were performed in the area, the effect being precisely the same as if the musicians had been playing in their presence. This, briefly, is the explanation of this curious Parisian concert.

NORTH IN THE SNOW.

I ONCE spent Christmas in the Rob Roy country. It was perhaps an eccentric thing for an Englishman with no Scottish connections to do; but a certain little affair, with which I never intend to amuse the public, had inspired me with a romantic discontent; and in disgust with the heartless conventionalities of hyper-civilization, I thought of the little saw-mill in the neighborhood of a Scottish loch, where I had lodged for part of two consecutive summers, while fishing, sketching, and making pedestrian excursions round about.

The Macbean family were not very much surprised by my proposition to come to them, for when I had spoken of the beauties of Switzerland for the purpose of piquing their national enthusiasm, which would allow of no scenery comparable to that of the land of cakes, they always ended with a challenge to come and see their streams and mountains in their winter dress, and I had often declared that I would do so "some day." So I received a letter, cordial but business-like, by return of post, to say that my old room was at my service; and went down at once, arriving on the third Tuesday of December, after a difficult journey, particularly as respected the last stage from Callander. But the driver told me I had no reason to grumble.

"Weel, Sir," said he, "I'm thinking that if the snaw had begun to fa' in airnest, ye might have been kep' at Callander a fortnight or mair."

The place was hardly reognizable, the mountains looked so different in their white clothing; the stream was frozen, the clatter of the water-wheel silenced.

The family consisted of four persons: Allan MacBean, formerly piper in a Highland corps. His long white hair was like spun glass, his eyes were dim and generally fixed and vacant, and he could hardly rise from his chair without assistance. He seemed to be passing the last years of his life in a semi-somnolent condition, from which, however, he could rouse himself whenever he chose, and it was difficult to determine when he was or was not noticing what passed around him. Robert MacBean, his son, was a man in full vigor, hard-headed, enterprising. He had originated the saw-mill, and worked it himself, assisted only by his son, James MacBean, a fine young fellow of about twenty-five; Mary MacBean, a buxom lass a little younger than her brother, and mistress of the house, her father having been for years a widower.

There was also a domestic, who was on perfectly equal terms with them all—Jenny, a brawny, red-haired girl who was always singing, and felt uncomfortable in shoes and stockings; which latter articles, however, both Mary and herself were forever knitting when they had no important work on hand. They were all at tea when I arrived, and the greeting I got half thawed me at once.

"Grandfather," said Mary, "here is the London gentleman really come."

"I ken him, lass," the old man said, presently, slowly raising his head, and shaking my proffered hand; "the Southern laddie that's sae great amang the trouts."

This was a standing joke; the elaborate paraphernalia, and especially the collection of town-made flies, with which I had opened my first fishing campaign, and the small proportional result, had amused the skillful natives.

"Nay, and it's not fair, grandfather," expostulated Mary. "You may mind how reel weel he did last spring. He took a dozen trouties to a loss of only sax hooks."

Little traitress, to banter me under the pretense of taking my part! But I could be even with *her*, at any rate.

"Have you not got Jock Murchison with you?" I asked. Jock was six feet one of Highland shepherd, and the lover of Mary, who bustled off to the other end of the room on some convenient errand, pretending not to hear. "I knew he had to be out far on the mountains all the summer," I persisted, "but now, in the winter, I thought he would be in the village; and I must say I expected to see him come in before this."

A smile expanded Robert MacBean's somewhat capacious mouth, as he said to his daughter, "What a' blushing about, lass? Sure it's a simple question. Jock has left this part," he continued, turning to me. "He had a good offer to be head-shepherd to Colonel Campbell, beyond the Ben yonder, and closed with it. But he is to come and see us before next Sabbath, and stay over Christmas."

"Pleasant weather for a walk over the mountain; I should like to be his companion," said I.

"Pleasant enow if does na snaw," said James.

"Is the mountain ever impassable?"

"Weel, Jock would find his way as weel as most. He kens every foot of the way, Jock does. But when it snaws here, it snaws!"

Why did I not cry "absit omen?" On the following morning the snow thought it polite to give a stranger a taste of what it could do. I never saw it so dense; the air was darkened with the noiseless flakes, which filled it like a coarse-grained fog. In the afternoon I wanted to go out in it, and get a little air and exercise: but Robert MacBean persuaded me not, declaring that I might lose myself within a hundred yards of the house. That was on the Wednesday, and Thursday was just like it; but on that day James went to the village, which was some two miles distant, and I accompanied him, and so managed to stretch my legs and relieve the tedium of confinement; but the walk proved to me the truth of his father's remark, for I should never have found the way by myself, well as I thought I knew it; and even James had to stop every now and then and take bearings, to be sure that he was on the right track. When we got back Mary was standing in the porch, peering in the direction of the mountain.

"Never mind, Mary; it must clear before Saturday, surely," said I.

"I dinna care," replied she, turning on her heel; but if she spoke the truth, it was strange that she should have paused in her household avocations so often that day to gaze out in the same direction, for she was a glutton for work; and also that the merry laugh which so constantly resounded from the back kitchen, where she and Jenny carried on cooking and cake-making, was stilled.

However, that night the thermometer fell; Friday morning was clear and bright, and when I came in to the mid-day dinner after a long walk, I heard the two girls trolling out their favorite hymn; and very pretty music they made, let me tell you, in case your idea of old-fashioned hymns should be tainted with the experience of a nasal twang. But unfortunately the glass rose again as rapidly as it had fallen, and about noon on Saturday a few flakes came floating down, and in a little while it was snowing again as thickly as before.

"Will Jock come this evening?" Mary asked her father at dinner, anxiety overpowering her bashfulness.

"Weel," answered the cautious Scot, "a much depends upon the weather on the ither side."

I followed the two men out into the saw-mill, where they found supplementary work to do during the frost, and put questions dictated by a certain amount of experience in Alpine regions, where to be overtaken by a snow-storm is sometimes a very serious matter. They had no idea of any cause for alarm; if Murchison found any difficulty in making his way he would go back again, or at any rate find shelter somewhere; the worst that could happen would be his non-arrival, and Mary's consequent disappointment.

So when night came, and no Jock Murchison, the little household was quite free from excitement and alarm. Even Mary seemed to have made up her mind that he could not come, and that probably he would arrive on the Monday, and conversation went on much as usual; and this you must not imagine to be in any degree like that of folks holding the same position in England. The MacBeans read much and thought more, and I do not believe that there is a cultured man in the realm who would not have found

pleasure and profit in talking with them. The old man, indeed, no longer took part in the conversation; his mind seemed generally wandering in the past, and he would sit for hours without a word.

We were sitting round the fire after supper, the girls knitting, Robert MacBean, his son, and myself smoking our pipes over a night-cap of toddy, when suddenly I saw something come over old Allan, who faced me in the opposite chimney-corner. He grasped both the arms of his chair and sat up erect and stiff; his eyes dilated, and appeared to be fixed on some object over my shoulder with such intensity of gaze that I involuntarily glanced behind me; but there was nothing to be seen.

"I see him! I see him! Jock Murchison!" he said in a loud whisper, and continued his fixed look for full two minutes, and then gradually relaxed into a state of torpor. Most certainly I am not superstitious, but I confess that a most indescribable feeling of awe came over me; what the others, who firmly believed in second-sight, experienced, was evident in their faces. James sat still, pale and aghast. Mary, after a few terrified minutes, burst out sobbing; and her father soothed her, not by making light of the old man's vision, but by solemnly reminding her that her lover was in God's hands, and no harm could happen to him without His permission. Jenny went into hysterics, like a town-bred girl, and altogether I thought it best to retire. At breakfast next morning the whole party had recovered their composure, and it was difficult to say how far the scene of the night before still affected their minds; silent and solemn enough were they, but that was always their demeanor on the Sabbath. It was a beautiful day, bright with sunshine and crisp with frost; and the others started for the kirk, while I volunteered to take care of old Allan in their absence. It was a good four miles to the place of worship, and the service was no short one, so you may imagine that I was startled when James MacBean rushed in at the end of an hour.

"Murchison?" I involuntarily asked.

"Something must have happened to him," replied the young man. "We met Alec, one of Colonel Campbell's gillies, who had come over to see his mother, and he asked what for Jock was no with us. He started twa hours before Alec."

A search had been at once decided upon, but as the route led back within a mile of the saw-mill, James had come on at once for a rope, which he presently got, and started off again; and as the girls would be back presently, I went with him, not forgetting my whisky-flask.

On the brow of the first and lowest of the pile of hills, which swell one above the other from the loch to the summit of the mountain, we found Robert MacBean and the gillie, a sinewy giant in Highland costume, waiting for us; then on we plodded in silence, the gillie leading the way back along the route he had taken the day before.

I have always been fond of mountain pedestrianism, but this was as tough a bit of walking as ever I had. On and on we toiled for hours; now sinking waist-deep in a drift, now slipping back where the snow had been melted by the sun, and frozen again into a surface of ice, now stumbling over hidden boulders. What surprised me most was the confidence with which the Highlander pursued one path, for I expected that all the inhabitants of the villages round would have been called to turn out and search; and once, when we stopped a while to take bearings, I made some such remark. "Naw, naw," he replied, "I ken weel where he will have gane wrang;" and then James explained to me that a stranger might be any where on the mountain, but that one so conversant with the ground as the man we were searching for would have turned up by that morning if he had not wandered into one particular part. At about three o'clock in the afternoon we turned the corner of a rock toward which we had been descending at a sharp incline; and the sudden caution to take care, uttered by the gillie, was not superfluous, for we were on the edge of one of the most treacherous precipices imaginable—a deep basin, into which a mountain stream, now ice-bound, was cutting a ravine, and the face of which was, on the side we stood, perfectly perpendicular. Its brink was masked by the soil, which, bound together and pushed forward by the roots of trees and shrubs, protruded over the sheer rock which formed the substratum; and beyond this dangerous lip, a coping of snow firm to the eye as marble, but hardly equal to the weight of a bird, formed a still more fatal snare. The sudden changes of temperature had fringed this coping with large icicles; and where the stream had been arrested in its plunge into the abyss, these were of enormous size, causing the glen to bear the appearance of a stalactite cavern laid open to the light of the sun. Probing the snow with our sticks, and clinging to the trees, we got close to the brink, and saw that the opposite face, which was crowned with a little clump of fir-trees, was less precipitous, the sides sloping at a sharp angle to the frozen pool at the bottom.

On a large flat slab of rock just above the ice lay the figure of a man extended on his back, one arm stretched out, and a shepherd's crook, the Highland alpenstock, lying near him.

"Is he alive?" I involuntarily cried.

Robert MacBean shook his head despondently.

"Nae; the auld mon *saw him!*" said he; "but we must use a' human means. How to get to him puzzles me; it will tak an hour to gae round."

Alec settled this matter without hesitation; taking the rope from James, he made directly for a spot beneath which a tree had pushed its way laterally between the strata of the rock, and slipping down to this, he fastened one end to a bough and dropped the other, which reached the ground. He slid to the bottom in a second; Robert MacBean followed him closely; then James. I was more clumsy and longer; so that by the time I joined the party they had examined and raised the body, which was that of Jock Murchison.

"He's got his right arm broken, but he's alive!" said Alec, and the news took all the fatigue out of one's limbs. There is nothing so exciting as saving a life, except, perhaps, taking one. It was a rare job to get him home, though the journey was one-third shorter than the way we had come, and all down hill, fortunately; but we managed it between the four of us; and then hot blankets, hot bottles, hot toddy resuscitated him.

The next morning a surgeon came and set his arm, and time and Mary's nursing completed his cure. But he was not on the safe side by Christmas, which was hardly a very merry day. It was thoughtless of Jock to recover, and so spoil a good, well-testified instance of second-sight.

PARIS—SEBASTOPOL.

CHRISTMAS ushered in the commencement of the real siege of Paris. Up to that time there had only been an investment of the giant fortress. Batteries had been constructed, it is true, for heavy siege guns; a siege park had been collected; but not a gun had been placed in position, not an embrasure cut, not a shot fired. All these preparations had been made on the southern and southwestern front. On the other fronts there were breast-works thrown up as well; but these seem to have been intended for defensive purposes only, to check sorties, and to protect the infantry and field artillery of the besiegers. These intrenchments were naturally at a greater distance from the Paris forts than regular siege batteries would have to be; there was between them and the forts a larger belt of debatable ground on which sorties could take place. When Trochu's great sortie of the 30th of November had been repelled he still remained master of a certain portion of this debatable ground on the eastern side of Paris, especially of the isolated plateau of Avron, in front of Fort Rosny. This he began to fortify—at what exact date we do not know; but we find it mentioned on the 17th of December that both Mont Avron and the heights of Varenne (in the loop of the Marne) had been fortified and armed with heavy guns.

Barring a few advanced redoubts on the south front, near Vitry and Villejuif, which do not appear to be of much importance, we have here the first attempt, on a large scale, of the defenders to extend their positions by counter-approaches. And here we are naturally referred, for a comparison, to Sebastopol. More than four months after the opening of the trenches by the allies—toward the end of February, 1855, when the besiegers had suffered terribly by the winter—Todleben began to construct advanced works at what were then considerable distances in front of his lines. On the 23d of February he had constructed the redoubt Selenginsk, 1100 yards from the main rampart; on the same day an assault of the allies on the new work failed. On the 1st of March another redoubt (Vloynsk) was completed in a still more forward position, and 1450 yards from the rampart. These two works were called by the allies the "ouvrages blancs." On the 12th of March the Kamtschatka lunette, 800 yards from the ramparts, was completed—the "Mamelon vert" of the allies—and in front of all these works rifle-pits were dug out. An assault, on the 22d of March, was beaten off, and the whole of the works, as well as another to the (proper) right of the Mamelon, the "Quarry," was completed, and all these redoubts connected by a covered way. During the whole of April and May the allies in vain attempted to recover the ground occupied by these works. They had to advance against them by regular siege approaches, and it was only on the 7th of June, when considerable reinforcements had arrived, that they were enabled to storm them. Thus the fall of Sebastopol had been delayed fully three months by these advanced field works, attacked though they were by the most powerful naval guns of the period.

The defense of Mont Avron looks very paltry side by side with this story. On the 17th, when the French had had above fourteen days for the construction of their works, the batteries are completed. The besiegers in the mean time sent for siege artillery, chiefly old guns already used in the previous sieges. On the 22d the batteries against Mont Avron are completed, but no action is taken until every danger of a sortie *en masse* of the French has passed away; and the encampments of the Army of Paris round Drancy are broken up on the 26th. Then, on the 27th, the German batteries open their fire, which is continued on the 28th and 29th. The fire of the French works is soon silenced, and the works abandoned on the 29th, because, as the official French report says, there were no casemates in them to shelter the garrison.

This is undoubtedly a poor defense, and a still poorer excuse for it. The chief fault seems to rest with the construction of the works. From all descriptions we are led to conclude that there was not on the hill a single closed redoubt, but only batteries open to the rear, and even without efficient protection on the flanks. These batteries, moreover, appear to have been facing one way only, toward the south or southeast, while close by, to the northeast, lay the heights of Raincy and Montfermeil, the most eligible sites of all for batteries against Avron. The besiegers took advantage of these to surround Avron with a semicircle of batteries, which soon silenced its fire, and drove away its garrison. Then why was there no shelter for the garrison? The frost is but half an excuse, for the French had time enough; and what the Russians could do in a Crimean winter, and on rocky soil, must have been possible too this December before Paris. The artillery employed against Avron was certainly far more efficient than that of the allies before Sebastopol; but it was the same as that used against the redoubts of Düppel, also field-works, and they held out three weeks. It is surmised that the infantry garrison ran away, and left the artillery uncovered. That may be so; but it would not excuse the engineers who constructed the works. The engineering staff inside Paris must have been very badly organized, if we are to judge it from this sample of its handiwork.

THE ORIGIN OF WHIST.

WHIST is of English origin, but its popularity is not confined to that country. On the Continent it has become fully naturalized; the finest player that ever lived was a Frenchman, and the most elaborate works on whist are by foreign authors. It has, in fact, extended over the whole earth; there is not a spot where European civilization prevails where whist is not practiced and prized. A published collection of "Whist Studies" dates from the tropics; in the rigor of the North American winter whist forms the occupation of the frozen-up inhabitants for months together; and in the wilds of Australia the farmers play at whist for "sheep points, with a bullock on the rubber."

The early history of whist is involved in some obscurity. It is not to be supposed that a game of this high character should have sprung at once perfect into being; it has been formed by gradual development from elements previously existing. As early as the beginning of the sixteenth century a card game was in common use, of which both the name and the chief feature enter prominently into the construction of whist. This was called *Triumph*—corrupted into *Trump*—and the essence of it was the predominance of one particular suit, called the triumph or trump suit, over all the others. It was of Continental origin, like most of the card games in use at that period. A work published in Italy in 1526 speaks of it under the name of *Trionfi*, and it is mentioned by Rabelais, as *la Triumphe*, among the games played by Gargantua. From France it was imported into England, where it soon became popular in good society, as we find a reference to it in a quarter where it would hardly be looked for, namely, in a sermon preached by Latimer at Cambridge the Sunday before Christmas, 1529. He mentions the game under its corrupted as well as its original appellation, and clearly alludes to its characteristic feature, as the following extracts will show:

"And where you are wont to celebrate Christmass in playing at cards, I intend by God's grace to deal unto you Christ's Cards, wherein you shall perceive Christ's Rule. The game that we play at shall be called the Triumph, which, if it be well played at, he that dealeth shall win; the Players shall likewise win; and the standers and lookers upon shall do the same."

"You must mark also that the Triumph must apply to fetch home unto him all the other cards, whatever suit they be of."

"Then further, we must say to ourselves, What requireth Christ of a Christian man? Now turn up your Trump, your Heart (Hearts is Trump, as I said before), and cast your Trump, your Heart, on this card."

The game of Triumph appears to have been played in several different ways, some of which resembled our present *Écarté*; they had, however, little similarity to whist, except in the feature of the predominance of the trump suit, which was common to them all.

About the beginning of the seventeenth century the game had acquired in England another name, which is also preserved in whist, namely, *Ruffe*. It has often excited curiosity how the word for an ornament to the neck or wrists should have come to be used for this purpose; but it is possible it may have been only another corruption of the original French *triomphe*, as there is much similarity in the sounds. At any rate the terms were synonymous, as Cotgrave, in his "French and English Dictionary," 1611, explains the French word *triomphe* to mean "the card game called ruffe or trump;" and Nares in his Glossary says "ruff meant a trump card, *charta dominatrix*."

But contemporaneously with this change the game itself had also undergone, in England, some modifications which caused it to differ materially from the original foreign type, and among these was the attachment of certain advantages, or "honors," to the four highest cards of the trump suit. This was probably of itself an ancient invention, for we find a game called "les Honneurs" in Rabelais's list; but the importation of it into trump or ruff gave the game a new character, and it took the name of "Ruff-and-Honors," the original form being called "French Ruff" for distinction.

Ruff-and-Honors was played with a pack of fifty-two cards, the ace ranking the highest. There were four players—two being partners against the other two, and each received twelve cards; the remaining four were left as a stock on the table, and the top one was turned up to determine the trump suit. The player who happened to hold the ace of trumps had the privilege of taking the stock in exchange for four cards of his own, an operation called *ruffing*. The score was nine, and the party that won most tricks were "most forward to win the set." Three honors in the joint hands were reckoned equivalent to two tricks, and four honors to four. This came very near to whist, and was, in fact, whist in an imperfect form.

The further changes in the constitution of the game, and the radical alteration of the name, appear to have taken place early in the seventeenth century. The first form of the new designation was *Whisk*—a word which occurs in "Taylor's Motto," by Taylor, the Water Poet, published in 1621. Speaking of the prodigal, he says:

"He flings his money free with carelessnesse,
At novum, mumchance, mischance (chuse ye which),
At one-and-thirty, or at poore-and-rich,
Ruffe, slam, trump, nody, whisk, hole, sant, new cut."

The origin of the word is obscure; but, in default of a better explanation, it has been suggested that it was used by the common people as a synonym for *ruff*, in ridicule of the affectations of the gallants who played at the game.

In 1674 we find a published description of the game in a curious book, ascribed to Charles Cotton, the poet, and entitled "The Compleat Gamester; or, Instructions how to Play at Billiards, Trucks, Bowls, and Chess; together with all manner of usual and most gentile Games, either on Cards or Dice." In this book a chapter is devoted to "English Ruff-and-Honors, and Whist," and it contains the following passage:

"Ruff-and-Honors (*alias* slamm) and Whist are games so commonly known in England, in all parts thereof, that every child almost of eight years old hath a competent knowledge in that recreation."

After describing Ruff-and-Honors the author says, "Whist is a game not much differing from this." The ruffing privilege was abolished; each player still had twelve cards; but, instead of leaving an unknown stock on the table, the four deuces were discarded from the pack before dealing—a great step in advance, as it enabled the players to calculate with more certainty the contents of each other's hands. The score was still nine, tricks and honors counting as before.

Cotton never uses or alludes to the earlier name "Whisk," but he gives an independent derivation of the newer word. He says the game "is called whist, from the silence that is to be observed in the play."

This meaning is warranted by the custom of the time. The word, although treated as a verb, adjective, or participle by Shakspeare, Milton, Spenser, and others, is defined by Skinner (1671), one of the best authorities, as *interjectio silentium imperans;* and so it was commonly used. In an old play, written by Dekkar in 1604, we find the example—

"Whist! whist! my master."

Cotton's derivation of the present name has been adopted by Johnson and Nares, and has always been most commonly received; but it must not be forgotten that the word "whisk" is the older of the two, and that it continued in use, along with the other name, for a century after Cotton wrote. Pope, in his epistle to Mrs. Teresa Blount, 1715, says:

"Some squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack,
Whose game is Whisk, whose treat a toast in sack."

Johnson describes whist as "vulgarly pronounced whisk;" and the Hon. Daines Barrington, writing, in 1786, on games at cards, adopts the latter orthography without any qualification.

It is possible to reconcile the two derivations by supposing that when the game took its complete form the more intellectual character it assumed demanded greater care and closer attention in the play; this was incompatible with noise in the room or with conversation between the players, and hence the word "whist!" may have been used in its interjectional form to insist on the necessary silence; and from the similarity of this to the term already in use the modification in the last letter may have taken its rise. It is worthy of remark that in a fashionable book on Ombre, published in Berlin in 1714, the writer, who had probably never heard of the English game, says, "In order to play Ombre well, silence and tranquillity are essential."

But whatever may be the views held in England as to the origin of the name of this game, it is only fair to give the explanation which we find in a French work on whist:

"At a time when French was the current language in England, the people had become so infatuated with one of their games at cards that it was prohibited after a certain hour. But parties met clandestinely to practice it; and when the question 'Voulez-vous jouer?' was answered by 'Oui!' the master of the room added the interjection 'St!' to impose silence. This occurred so often that '*Oui-st*' became at length the current appellation of the game!"

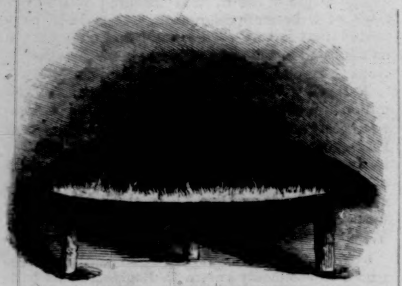
It is curious that although the precursors of whist had enjoyed favor in high places, yet whist itself, in its infancy, was chiefly played in low society, where cheats and sharpers assembled. The greatest part of Cotton's chapter is devoted to a warning against the tricks and frauds of these gentry. He alludes to the "arts used in dealing," and shows how, by ingenious devices, "cunning fellows about this city may not only know all the cards by their backs, but may turn up honors for themselves, and avoid doing so for their adversaries." The following passage gives some significant hints:

"He that can by craft overlook his adversaries' game hath a great advantage, for by that means he may partly know what to play securely. There is a way to discover to their partners what honors they have; as by the wink of one eye, or putting one finger on the nose or table, it signifies one honor; shutting both the eyes, two; placing three fingers or four on the table, three or four honors."

In a republication of Cotton's work in 1734, these cautions are amplified, showing that whist still retained the same low character. The editor says, "As whisk" (he uses the old appellation) "is a tavern game, the sharpers generally take care to put about the bottle before the game begins." A special chapter is given to "piping at whisk;" and as this is an accomplishment not generally known at the modern clubs, the following extract may be interesting:

"By piping I mean when one of the company that does not play (which frequently happens) sits down in a convenient place to smoke a pipe, and so look on, pretending to amuse himself that way. Now the disposing of his fingers on the pipe, while smoking, discovers the principal cards that are in the person's hand he overlooks, which was always esteemed a sufficient advantage to win a game. This may also be done by another way—*i. e.*, without the pipe, and by common conversation. 'Indeed,' signifies diamonds; 'truly,' hearts; 'upon my word,' clubs; 'I assure you,' spades."

It is only fair to add, that with the bane the editor supplies also the antidote. He says: "*For which reasons, all nice gamesters play behind curtains.*"



INNUIT STONE LAMP.

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED
EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

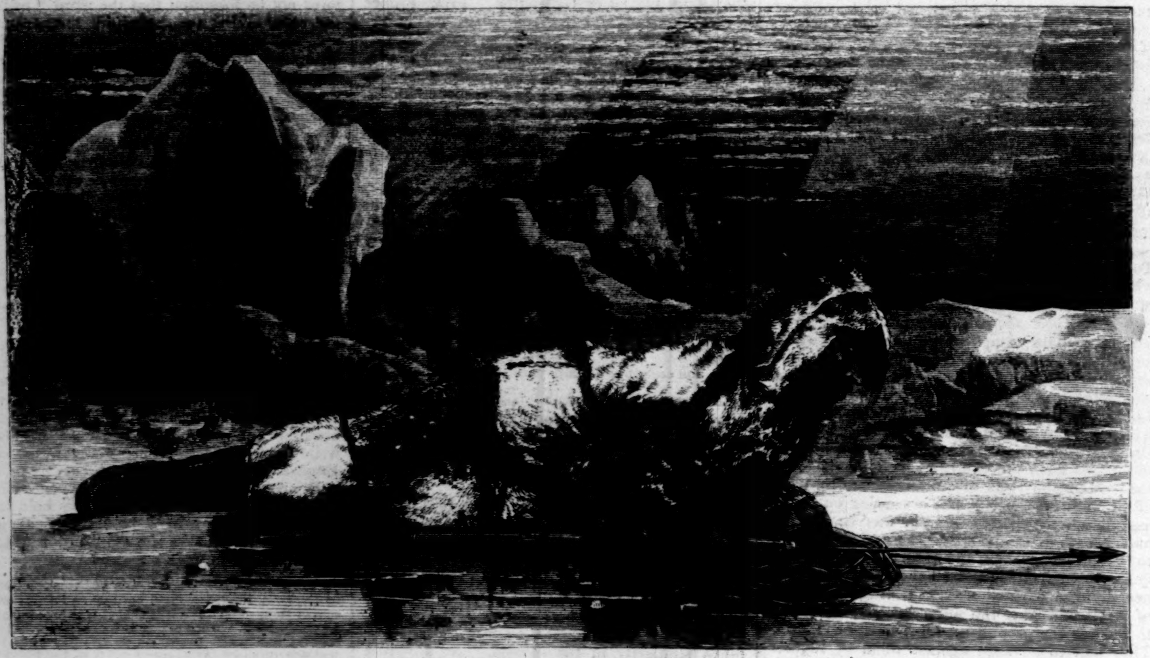
NIGHTS NEAR THE NORTH POLE.

CHAPTER III.

The Arctic Night.—A Midnight Excursion.—The Polar Morning.—Reawakening Life.—An Innuit Village.—Fantastic Shapes of Icebergs.—Curious History of the Innuits.—Conclusion.

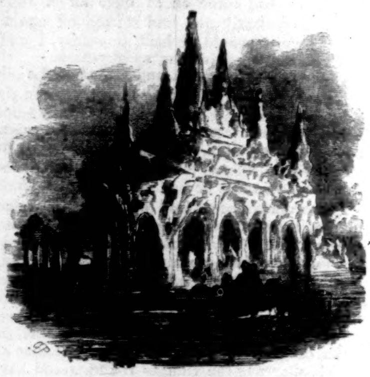
STORMS often rage through the arctic night with more than tropical severity. The intense gloom, the unendurable cold, the wild howling of the blast, the blinding snow, drive even the starving Innuit to the shelter of his house of ice. At times the solid covering of the sea is broken up, and the troubled waters groan and swell beneath their winter bondage. Hall describes a midnight excursion over the frozen ocean that was nearly terminated by an arctic storm. Clothed in skins, and followed by several natives and a train of dogs, the travelers set out to cross the sea on the ice. They descended the cliffs, and rode over an icy plain. At night the Innuits raised a circular hut of snow, clad in the interior with the skin of the reindeer, and warmed by a single lamp. The little party gathered cheerfully in their icy home, built on the bosom of the frozen ocean. The air was warm within; they slept soundly in their beds of fur laid upon the snow. Meanwhile a storm had sprung up, and raged throughout the night. The next day they were imprisoned in their hut by the fury of the gale. The wind roared without, the snow fell in great thickness, and the travelers kept warm beneath their fragile shelter. But what was their surprise and terror to discover, on venturing out, that the storm had broken up the immense sheets of ice, that the billows were rolling fiercely a few rods from them, and that they were liable in a moment to feel the foundations of their hut give way beneath them, or to be carried out to sea on the treacherous ice! A brief consultation showed them that they could not hope to reach the land through the blinding storm, and they resolved to remain within. In the evening the wind lulled, but they heard, without, the ice cracking and groaning upon the billows, and moving off in huge masses to the sea. They made an opening through the roof of the snow hut to observe the weather. All was now calm. The travelers set out to reach the shore; the starving dogs were driven over the ice; the crevices were bridged over with the sledge. After a weary and almost hopeless struggle upon the broken floes and the huge drifts of snow, they reached the firm ice, and came, exhausted with hunger and thirst, to the hut of a friendly native.

WRECK OF THE "RESCUE."

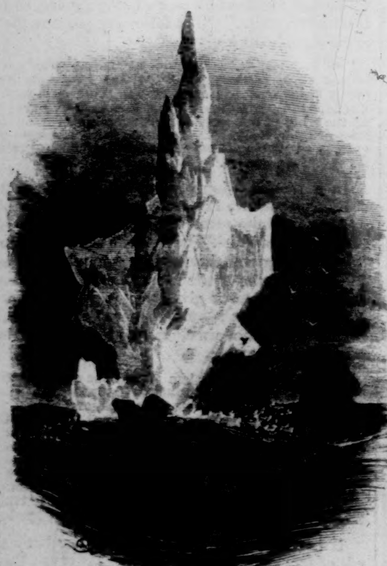


INNUIT STRATEGY TO CAPTURE A SEAL.

Stern and rigid as is the polar night, its dawn and daylight are filled with an active and prolific life, scarcely equaled in more southern climes. Slowly the sun begins to rise above the horizon; many days pass before his welcome rays effectually disturb the twilight of the dawn. At length, in June, the summer of the year begins. But already every rugged peak and cliff is covered thick with migratory birds; the clamor of their various cries fills the air, and their flying throngs darken the face of the landscape. White and blue foxes roam in pursuit of eggs and sea-fowl, and herds of reindeer crop the new grass of the interior valleys. The glaciers melt and send down rills of crystal water; flowers shine forth in the crevices of the rock; and as the season advances a brief vegetation covers the hill-sides, mingling with the perpetual snows. The sea, far more prolific than the land, now teems with its herds of monsters, and the starving Innuit, who through the winter was scarcely able to provide oil for his lamp and food for his family, revels in the products of the chase, and forgets in his abundance the lessons of his direful want. On the floating fields of ice thousands of walruses lie basking in the sun, and stretch their immense forms at ease, scarcely terrified at the approach of the hunter. The whale seeks his accustomed haunts; great herds of seals gambol in the waters; icebergs, set loose by the summer heat,



GOTHIC ICEBERG.



ICEBERG ADRIFT.

INNUIT IGLOOS, OR SNOW VILLAGE.

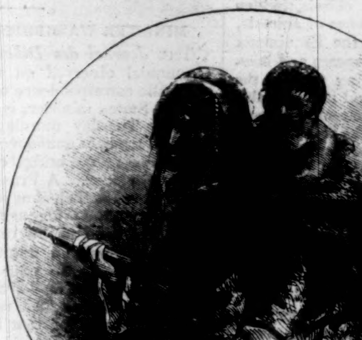
INNUIT WATCHING FOR SEAL.

HARPOONING A WALRUS.

glide southward like floating mountains over the misty waves; refractions of singular grandeur transform the landscape into a fairy picture; and the never-setting sun sends down a perpetual radiance that lights with wonderful magnificence the towering peaks of ice, the boundless glaciers, and the boisterous waves of the polar sea.

Far as the eye can reach in winter spreads a limitless waste of ice and snow. The ocean is covered with a solid floor; the land groans beneath its weight of frozen moisture; navigation ceases; and the explorer, shut up in his narrow covering, waits patiently amidst the darkness for the slow return of day. Ice in its various changes is the chief element of the polar landscape. In its three forms of the glacier, the iceberg, and the floe, it never ceases to terrify and embarrass the navigator. The glacier is a vast frozen river, reaching down from the interior eminences to the sea, and slowly moving onward with resistless force, crushing or furrowing the interposing rocks, or bearing forward in its course huge boulders and piles of stone, until it enters the warmer ocean, and breaks to pieces on the stormy waves. The broken fragments torn from the glacier by the furious storms form the icebergs, often of immense height; and plowing the water nearly to the bottom of the sea; the great fleets of icebergs sail down the sounds and outlets of the polar waves, and, tossing against each other, cutting through the floating fields, and crumbling to fragments as they advance, descend to the warmer latitudes, until, clad in mist and hid in night, they startle the voyager as he glides over the summer waves on the Banks of Newfoundland and the shores of the Atlantic. The white spectre shoots over the track of the steamer, and chills the winds that blow over the eastern coast of America.—But it is in their native haunts that the icebergs display their peculiar grandeur. They cover the ocean with their countless and ever-varying forms. Sometimes like huge cathedrals and towering piles of architecture, covered with natural spires, or vaulted and arched by the restless sea—now wrought into pillars of marble, or rising in mountains of ice from their unseen base, the monsters of the deep sail majestically over the waters, and fill the whole vision with an endless variety.

As the sunlight falls upon them they assume a thousand nameless tints, and glitter in crimson and gold. The scene becomes singularly magnificent. Every iceberg gleams like a precious stone set in the bosom of the deep. The opal and the pearl, the ruby and the amethyst, are repeated from a thousand pinnacles and cavities; the varying tints flash from peak to peak, and the ocean glows with a wonderful illumination. Meantime the roar of a ceaseless ruin fills the ear. The mountains of ice crumble and overturn with the swelling tide. Huge cliffs and crags break off from lofty heights, to fall with loud reverberations into the sea; berg strikes against berg with fearful concussion; and, like some hapless nation torn by civil contests, its factions battling with each other, ungoverned and without a law, the troop of icebergs move on to the open main.



NIK-U-JAR, THE PILOT.

Still more dangerous to the discoverer is the floe, or field of ice. The polar sea seems encircled by a belt or zone of frozen water, often many feet in thickness, and stretching in winter in a solid surface over the unresisting waves. Then every stormy channel and inlet becomes as safe as the firm earth, and men travel for hundreds of miles northward over water twenty fathoms deep. Over this icy surface the cold wind sweeps to the south, bearing the rigor of the pole to Chicago or New York, and might condemn to perpetual sterility the higher latitudes of America. But, happily, in summer, the brief day and various occult influences break up the polar ices; the solid covering of the sea parts into a thousand floating fragments; the floes drive slowly southward; some, huge and firm as islands, belt over the entrances to Smith's Sound or Baffin Bay; many, crushed and broken, melt in the open sea. In the perpetual motion of the waters, the rush of the tides, the fury of the northern storms, the bays and inlets are freed from their bondage, and the ocean, that seemed about to be changed into a bed of solid ice, now breaks fiercely upon its barren shores.

But as the floes glide down the bays and channels of the north, the adventurous voyager on his upward course must coast all around their sides in the narrow pathway that lies between them and the immovable ice along the shores, or must boldly penetrate the floating fields, to find an entrance among their dismembered fragments. Here dangers thicken around him; disaster broods over his track. He may be crushed against the shore, or, if he has entered some broad channel, apparently safe and inviting, suddenly the ice rejoins, and he finds himself shut up in a moving prison, from whence there is no escape. Countless ships have gone down, crushed in these icy ambuscades; some have floated through dreary winters at the mercy of the floes; others have been abandoned by their hopeless crews. The brave M'Clintock, in the little steamer *Fox*, penetrated into Smith's Sound, and was embayed in an enormous field of ice. No science nor skill could extricate him. It was August when the *Fox* entered the floe; soon the brief day began to fade, the winter night came on, and the explorer, in the increasing gloom, found himself floating slowly downward in the midst of Baffin Bay. Near him were two huge icebergs, imprisoned like himself, and whose glittering peaks soon became the only companions of the unlucky vessel. On all sides was a boundless region of ice, and an utter solitude. The weather was often fair, the temperature mild, and the moon rode through the heavens crowned by its arctic halos; a faint and fairy light played over the white expanse; but soon an intense gloom would settle around the ship, and such fierce storms of snow and wind terrified the voyagers as are known only in these inhospitable climes. Dangers hovered around them, of whose approach they could have no warning; and often they waited, amidst the blinding gloom and the crashing ice, for the blow that must shatter to pieces their groaning bark. The deep night of winter passed away, and late in January they saw the rim of the sun gleam over the white horizon. Morning came in February, and their floe began to break up as they passed through Baffin Bay; the two icebergs that had accompanied them throughout the winter sailed away; but their danger increased as the storms beat over the parting ice, and dashed it against the ship. More than once they resolved to leave the *Fox*, and seek safety on the frozen sea. At last, after seven months of imprisonment, they floated into Davis Straits, and escaped from their singular bondage. Caught in a still more dangerous field, the *Terror* was rocked and disabled by the tempest-tossed ice: now sunk on her side, she was next lifted upon the pack; rode helpless for many miles along well-known shores, hopeless of relief, and was scarcely snatched from a total ruin by the separation of the floe.

Conscious of all these obstacles, yet full of confidence, our most recent and successful American explorer, Charles Francis Hall, who has just returned from a residence of five years in the arctic world, is to set out in May next upon a new effort to solve the problem of the polar sea.

INNUIT SUMMER VILLAGE.

MELTED ICEBERG.

He goes possessed of singular advantages. No man was ever more familiar with the arctic scene; he has tested all its dangers, and has provided the best means for obviating them. Mr. Hall has what all previous explorers have wanted—experience. His residence for many years among the icebergs and the floes, in the snow huts of the Esquimaux, his long journeys upon the ice, his familiarity with the climate and the resources of the singular territory he proposes to explore, have shown him that it is not difficult to maintain health and cheerfulness in the midst of the northern nights, and to obtain suitable food and subsistence from the frozen seas. Unhappily most former discoverers had not this advantage, and they perished or were driven back through ignorance of the common laws of health.

A fatal disease, the scurvy, has uniformly affected the explorers who have ventured to winter in the arctic zone. Under its slow approach the spirits sink, the limbs become enfeebled, and death follows unless some speedy change is made in the food and habits of the sufferer. The disease usually makes its appearance the first winter; in the second or third it is almost certain to be fatal. Whole crews have been swept away by its repeated attacks, and the strongest constitutions yield to an insidious poison that seems to assail the very sources of life. Kane's expedition seemed provided with every means of securing health and vigor, yet his men sank into feebleness the first winter, and the second were scarcely able to escape from their imprisoned ship. Ross had often scarcely a single companion who was not suffering from the arctic scourge. It is probable that Franklin's men, weakened and borne down by several winters of disease, dropped in the snow as they made their way to the south, or, in their feebleness, fell an easy prey to the warlike Innuits of Hudson Bay.

Yet Mr. Hall's experience has shown that no traveler in the arctic zone need suffer from the scurvy. The disease is altogether unknown to the natives. No Innuit was ever affected with it, however scanty his food or uncleanly his mode of life. It is the civilized man alone, who brings with him the habits of civilization, that sinks plague-stricken amidst the healthful blasts of the pole and dies from his own imprudence. The remedy proposed is not difficult; no salt meat should be eaten in the arctic world, and the explorer must learn to adopt the food and the habits of the natives. He must live in their huts of snow, feed upon the walrus, the seal, and the bear, and wash down his arctic luxuries with copious draughts of whale-oil. The civilized appetite soon becomes satisfied with its novel diet, and no banquets, we are assured, are more inviting or more healthful than those laid out on the icy table of the Innuit lodge. Apicius might have envied the appetites of the host and his furclad guests, and Lucullus reveled in an untried luxury.

For many years Mr. Hall has been preparing himself for his final attempt to pass the barriers that have repelled all previous explorers, and to penetrate to that mysterious sea from which Wrangel, Morton, and Hayes have brought back only an imperfect vision. The polar ocean has ever had for him a strange fascination. He has longed from youth to tread its unknown shores, to launch his boat upon its mighty waves, to lift the veil from the last great mystery of navigation. In 1858 he led an expedition in search of the traces of the fate of Franklin and his companions. He passed two nights in the arctic world. Here he lived in the snow huts of the Esquimaux, and formed a close acquaintance with the habits and dispositions of the wandering people. His chosen friends were Ebierbing and Tookoolito, whose tenderness and sympathy he has made famous in his narrative, to whose faithful friendship he owed many of his happy hours in the frozen regions, and in whose hospitable home, a hut of snow, he learned to value the native qualities of the Innuit.

He returned home, but in 1864 hastened again to the polar regions on a new search for the remains of the Franklin expedition. For five years he was lost to the civilized world; he passed five nights in the gloom of the arctic waste. Yet to the ardent explorer the period was one of active enjoyment. His health was perfect, his spirits buoyant, his researches singularly successful. He lived once more with the Innuits at the head of Repulse Bay, and in various difficult and hazardous explorations was enabled to trace the melancholy wanderings of Franklin's party, and to point out almost the exact spot where they dropped down one by one, and where the gallant Crozier dragged his weary steps to die almost within reach of safety and of life. Few narratives of arctic exploration will prove so full of romantic interest as that of Hall's five years at Repulse Bay, and it is to be regretted that he has no leisure at present to give his adventures to the public. Once more he is about to return to that icy land, of which he has almost become a denizen.

The Innuits, or Esquimaux, among whom our explorer has passed so many happy years, belong to that singular race of little men who occupy a belt of barren territory extending quite around the northern pole. Under different names, and with slightly various characteristics, they are found on the arctic coast of Asia, the shores of Greenland, and in the most rigorous latitudes of Europe and America. They inhabit what is called the treeless zone. It is only where the intense cold prevents the growth of forests, and even of shrubbery, that the Innuit will consent to dwell. His natural home is a wide expanse of frozen plains and ice-clad mountains, where the feeble summer produces no scanty harvest, where no protecting woodlands intercept the wintry blast, where his eye ranges over endless fields of snow, and discerns its prey floating on the frozen deep. From this inclement home no milder climate can tempt him. He pines amidst woodlands and meadows; he prefers his house of snow to the wigwam of the savage or the most comfortable dwellings of the south. The sea is the chief source of his subsistence. When the brief summer fills every arctic coast and bay with teeming life the Innuit revels in abundance; the walrus, the seal, the whale, the flocks of birds, the bear, or the reindeer, fall before the skillful hunter; the oil lamp blazes freely in every hut; the children gambol in the snow, and a general carnival rules throughout the treeless realm. But when the long night comes on, the improvident race suffer under a bitter famine. Like the savage herds around them, they make no provision for the future, and often many days pass over the villages of snow when the whole population is starving in patient silence; when even the lamp, so necessary to the existence of the family, fails for want of oil, and the most skillful hunter returns unsuccessful from his search upon the frozen ocean for a walrus or a seal.

Short in stature, vigorous, active, and capable of patient toil, with broadened face and matted hair, with intellects scarcely superior to that of the polar bear, whom they admire and imitate, or the seal, whose house of snow is the model of their own, of mild disposition, gentle, affectionate, and docile, yet cold and inhuman to a remarkable degree, the Innuits seem scarcely to belong to the higher races who have learned to till the earth and unfold the resources of nature. The red Indians look upon them with contempt, hatred, and alarm. It is said that they kill them wherever they find an opportunity, like some odious reptile, and that the Innuits often repel with courage the attacks of their natural foes. The savage Innuits sometimes destroy their infants, and expose the sick or the aged to perish unattended. They are singularly superstitious. Every motion or act is ruled by the angekok, or priest; and throughout all the range of feeble intellects, nurtured amidst the gloom of the northern night, witches, goblins, or ghosts abound, and sorcerers and magicians direct the operations of the chase, produce or allay storms and pestilence by their incantations, and live in plenty upon the credulity of their countrymen. The whole race, indeed, seems slowly fading from the earth, and a melancholy foreboding of decay saddens their intercourse with the stranger.

A curious light has recently been thrown upon the early history of the Innuits. It is shown, with some degree of certainty, that they were once the only inhabitants of what is now the most civilized and populous portion of Europe. Once France and England were within the arctic zone. Glaciers crept down the declivities of the Grampian Hills, icebergs floated upon the German Sea, the reindeer wandered over the barren waste of France, and the Innuit raised his summer lodge on the site of London or Paris. In the caves of Kent and of Dordogne are found traces of a diminutive people, who fed on the deer and the moose, and employed the rude yet ingenious instruments of the chase still used in the arctic world. Spears of bone and arrowheads of flint, stone cups and chisels, hidden amidst heaps of ashes and the bones of animals, recall the usual appearance of the Esquimaux hut. Some traces of carving on spears and bowhandles are also found resembling that of the Innuits of Western America; and it is probable that the little people of Europe retreated to these singular caves to avoid the attacks of wild beasts or of their enemies. In the pre-historic period the ocean rolled over the plains of Gaul, icefields floated over what are now the seats of prosperous communities, and the Innuit could not have wanted his appropriate food. But as the European climate grew milder he retreated toward the north. He followed the zone of ice and snow. He was driven from France to Norway, and from Britain to the coasts of Greenland; and at length the feeble race clings to its last refuge around the shores of the arctic seas.

There is little of romance in the mode of life of the savage Innuit. His snow hut, filled with the bones of the animals he has captured, resembles the lair of wild beasts. He devours his food raw, and cleanliness has scarcely a place in his esteem. In summer he lives in a tent of skins; in winter he builds his *igloo*, or house of snow, moving from place to place as want or convenience impels him. His habitation costs him little trouble; a village can be built in half an hour; the blocks of snow are easily cut and joined together, and an exhaustless quarry follows him wherever he goes. The village forms a community upon the principles of socialism; and whenever an Innuit catches a seal or walrus he is bound to share it with all his fellow-townsmen. A general banquet follows, of which every member of the community partakes. Yet to the traveler in the arctic world the mode of life of its natives has been peculiarly useful and instructive. From them he obtains the faithful dogs that carry his provisions over the fields of ice; they have pointed out to him the means of avoiding the diseases of the rigorous climate; their generosity often saves him from fatal want. Kane, Hayes, and Hall unite in applauding the better traits of the wandering Innuits; and without their aid and counsel no successful exploration can be made of the polar world. They find food beneath the frozen ocean, and make comfortable homes amidst the most dreadful solitudes of the north.

Aided by his savage friends, Captain Hall proposes to explore thoroughly the arctic world. To him its long night has no terrors. He can travel at will over its waste of snow, and build a comfortable home in its wildest solitude. It is his intention to try to pass through Smith's or Jones's Sound into the unknown sea. If his vessel is inclosed in the ice he will find a safe harbor, and begin his explorations. He will trace more carefully the outlines of Washington and Grinnell's Land, pass over the ice to the polar ocean, and examine the farthest limits of the habitable globe. Several years may be employed in these adventures; yet the civilized world will await with interest the results of an expedition that can not fail to add largely to the sum of human knowledge, and to throw light upon a problem that for three centuries has excited the curiosity of mankind.

WAR NOTES AND INCIDENTS.

THE FORTIFICATIONS OF PARIS.

HEINE'S remarks on the fortifications of Paris are of interest at the present moment. Writing on the 13th of February, 1841, he said: "France has not yet come to its end, but, like all nations, like the human race itself, it is not everlasting. It has perhaps already passed its meridian, and is now undergoing a metamorphosis which can not be disguised. On its smooth brow various wrinkles are showing themselves; its thoughtless head is getting gray, stoops anxiously, and no longer busies itself exclusively with the present; it thinks also of the morrow. The decision of the Chambers on fortifying Paris indicates such a transition period of French national feeling. The French have learned a great deal of late; they have thus lost all desire of blind irruptions into dangerous foreign territory. They now wish to intrench themselves against the eventual attacks of their neighbors. On the tomb of the imperial eagle" (an allusion to the then recent interment of Napoleon in the Invalides) "they caught the idea that the citizen King Cock" (Louis Philippe) "is not immortal. France no longer lives in the reckless intoxication of its unconquerable supremacy; it has been sobered by the Lenten consciousness of its conquerability, and, alas! whoever thinks of death is already half dead. The fortifications of Paris are perhaps the giant's shroud, which the giant with melancholy forebodings has decreed for himself. A good while, however, may elapse before its death-hour strikes, and it may previously inflict the most deadly injuries on its inferiors in stature. The fortifying of Paris is the most momentous event of our time, and the men who voted for or against it in the Chamber of Deputies exercised the greatest influence on the future. With this *enceinte continue*, these detached forts, is now bound up the fate of the French people. Will these works afford protection from the storm, or will they attract still more destructive lightning? Will they promote liberty or servitude? Will they save Paris from ruin, or mercilessly expose it to the destructive rights of war? I do not know, for I have neither place nor voice in the councils of the gods. But I know this much, that the French will fight well if they have to defend Paris against a third invasion. It is the power of revolutionary ideas which would confront a third invasion, and which now, sharpened by bitter experience, no longer reckons on the omnipotence of enthusiasm, but does not despise also the material bulwarks of defense."

MINISTER WASHBURNE'S DISPATCHES.

THE *Journal des Débats* thus describes the ceremonial observed on the weekly occasions when the correspondence of Mr. Washburne, the United States minister, is admitted into Paris: "Every Tuesday morning, at ten o'clock precisely, a trumpet announces the arrival of a *parlementaire* at the bridge of Sevres, and a white flag is displayed. A Prussian officer in full uniform, gloved and shod as in a drawing-room, advances upon the bridge as far as the broken arch, raises his hand to his cap, and addresses the French officers who await him, 'Gentlemen, I have the honor to offer you my salutation.' They reply, 'Sir, we have the honor to salute you.' 'Gentlemen,' he resumes, 'I have the honor to inform you that I am commissioned to hand to you the communications for Mr. Washburne;' to which the reply is, 'Sir, we will have the honor to send for the packet.' After another exchange of military salutations, each party retires from the bridge to their respective banks of the river. The French send off a boat and receive from the hands of the Prussian officer the diplomatic letter-bag. Further salutations follow, and the parties withdraw to their respective intrenchments, and the firing, if deemed advisable, is at once resumed."

PRUSSIA AND ENGLAND.

M. MICHEL CHEVALIER writes a long letter to a Havre newspaper on the inaction of England in the present war. He thinks it quite admissible to assume that Prussia, supposing her triumph over France to be complete, may procure herself a fleet equal to that of England. Indeed, to do so is only a question of money; and from the extent of coasts she would have under her domination she would have no difficulty in manning it, especially as steam has rendered thorough seamen less necessary than they used to be in the sailing days. With such a fleet Prussia would only have to wait until England should be engaged in some difficulty with the United States, and might then declare war on her with the suddenness which characterizes her resolutions. Although, says M. Michel Chevalier, some persons consider a descent into England perfectly chimerical, the Duke of Wellington and Lord Palmerston held one to be possible, and urged that preparations should be made against it. Therefore, with a numerous steam fleet Prussia might be able to throw a large army into England. An invasion of the country would be popular among the Germans, especially as plunder possesses great charms in their eyes, and England would be a magnificent field for pillage. In case, then, France, which is the only ally of the first class England can have, should be crushed, the latter will be obliged to take precautions against the humiliating and disastrous eventuality that presents itself to her. She must, for example, maintain permanently at home 350,000 to 400,000 trained soldiers, for Prussia has 1,200,000; she must throw up new fortifications round her arsenals; have intrenched camps and impregnable forts to protect her capital, and must remodel her fleet. The result will be that while "Mr. Lowe, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, may have conceived the hope of presenting a reduced budget for 1871, he will have to decide the problem how to prevent one of sixty and odd millions from growing into one exceeding one hundred millions." In conclusion, M. Michel Chevalier says: "There is no exaggeration in affirming that in the tragic drama now being played in Europe, the interests of England, whether she will or no, are almost as much engaged as those of France. How is it that the men of superior intelligence who govern her are so long in seeing that?"

THE FRENCH LOSSES.

"UP to the end of September," says the *Staats Anzeiger*, "there had fallen into the hands of the German armies 3577 officers, 123,700 privates (in both cases unwounded men), 56 eagles, and 2218 guns (including 96 mitrailleuses). In October and November these numbers were increased to 10,067 officers, 303,842 privates, 112 eagles, and 4130 guns (170 of these being mitrailleuses). The former figures comprise the trophies captured at Sedan, Toul, Laon, and Strasburg; the latter include the 6000 officers and 150,000 men, besides 23,000 sick and wounded, taken at Metz, 5000 men at Schlestadt, 4000 at Verdun, 3500 in the engagements round Paris, 1500 captured by General Werder's Baden corps in the west, and 500 officers and 7700 men who were discharged (cured) from the hospitals and transferred to the dépôts of prisoners. Fifty-six eagles were taken at Metz, the greater number of the eagles belonging to Marshal Bazaine's army having been destroyed just before the capitulation. The guns taken in October and November consisted of 1570 at Metz (including 72 mitrailleuses), 3 at Orleans, 128 at Soissons, 2 before Paris, 108 at Schlestadt, 5 in Fort Mortier, and 100 at Neuf Breisach."

CARLYLE AND GARIBALDI ON THE WAR.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from Ville Evrart on the 7th December, forwards a copy of a letter sent by Mr. T. Carlyle to a German soldier named Waldmüller, in acknowledgment of a little book which Herr Waldmüller had sent him:

"5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, *Dec.* 27, 1870.

"SIR,—Three nights ago there came to me from Dresden a beautiful little blue book, '*Die tausendjährige Eiche in Elsass*,' which—especially as coupled with your kind inscription on the cover of it, bearing date 'vor Paris'—I read with very great interest. It is in itself truly a beautiful little book, put together with a great deal of art, and betokening in the writer a delicate, affectionate, poetic, and gifted human brother, well skilled in literary composition—not to speak of still higher things. Nowhere have I seen a more ingenious arrangement of whatever was bright and human in an antiquarian study into a really living and artistic form than this of Elsass and its 'Thousand Years' Oak!' That a soul capable of such work should now date to me from 'Le Vert Galant,' and the heart of a great and terrible world-event, supremely beneficent and yet supremely terrible, upon which all Europe is waiting with bated breath, is another circumstance which adds immensely to the interest of the kind gift for me; and I may well keep the little book in careful preservation as a memorial to me of what will be memorable to all the world for another 'thousand years.' I wished much to convey some hint of my feeling to you, as at once a writer of such a piece and the worker and fighter in such a world; and I try to contrive some way of doing so. Alas! my wishes can do little for you or for your valiant comrades, nobly fronting the storms of war and of winter; but if this ever reaches you, let it be an assurance that I do in my heart praise you (and might even in a sort, if I were a German and still young, envy you), and that no man, in Germany or out of it, more deeply applauds the heroic invincible bearing of your comrades and you, or more entirely wishes and augurs a glorious result to it at the appointed hour. My faith is that a good genius does guide you, that Heaven itself approves what you are doing, that in the end victory is sure to you. Accept an old man's blessing; continue to quit yourselves like men, and in that case expect that a good issue is beyond the reach of fortune and her inconstancies. God be with you, dear Sir, with you and your brave brethren in arms. Yours sincerely, T. CARLYLE."

The *Movimento* publishes a letter from Garibaldi, dated the 30th December, which, with equal appearance of conviction, though from a very different point of view to Mr. Carlyle's, says: "I never wished so much as I do now to be thirty years younger. I regard this war as the most important in my life, and am truly gratified at seeing the cause of the Republic take so favorable a turn. Of eventual success I have never doubted, and today I doubt less than ever. The spirit of the population is reviving, and men of every age hasten to take up arms with admirable enthusiasm. My hand, as you see, is weak, but when I rest I am still quite strong, and I can even sit on horseback."

FALSE CONFIDENCE.

THE *Electeur Libre*, published in Paris, in its number of January 6, says: "Paris has the presentiment that it will be saved. We have not manufactured our cannons to deliver them over to the enemy; we have not armed numberless battalions only to send them as prisoners to the coasts of the Baltic, to share the shame of the armies of Bazaine and of Sedan, delivered up by a couple of traitors. France has uprisen, indignant at finding her soil profaned by the foreigner.

She will be delivered. Every thing is prepared for the grand attack. It must be made. The investing army has been obliged to reduce its strength in order to attempt to check the relieving armies which are advancing toward us. The moment is a solemn one. Let us profit by the trouble and hesitation of the enemy, who seeks to obscure our vision by the smoke of his bombardment, and to prevent us from hearing the cannon of the legions of Chanzy and Faidherbe. Let us all proceed *en masse* to the ramparts. The Prussian press either lies or remains silent. We fear not ourselves to tell the truth and to hear it. We publish articles of writers who endeavor to disguise facts and to mislead public opinion. Who will venture to assert that only Republicans have taken part in this struggle? Count up the illustrious names among our dead, unhappily too numerous. Commerce, manufactures, attorneys' offices and barristers' chambers, all liberal professions and manual trades, have alike furnished expiatory victims. All classes have been smitten without distinction. 'Forward!' is the universal rallying cry. There are no longer any political camps; we must absolutely fight and conquer."

THE LAST OF A NOBLE HOUSE.

THOSE familiar with Goethe's play of "Götz with the Iron Hand" will be interested in learning that the hero's last lineal descendant, Joseph von Berlichingen, lately met with his death before Paris. He had been a Zouave in the Pontifical army, and on its dissolution returned to Stuttgart, joined the Würtemberg forces, and fell beside the two young Counts Taube at Champigny on its recapture by the Germans on the 3d of December.

SEVERITY OF THE PARIS BOMBARDMENT.

THE *Correspondance Havas* of Paris thus describes the bombardment of Fort Rosny on the 30th December: "Within five hours 155 shells fell into a single barrack. Casemates believed to be bomb-proof were penetrated; and between 8 A.M. and 6 P.M. nearly 2000 projectiles fell into the *enceinte*, on the scarp, and the counterscarp. This unheard-of fire, more sustained and terrible than that of Sebastopol, happily caused but little loss of life. Three or four marines were wounded, while an unfortunate ball put *hors de combat* six persons quartered in the same casemate belonging to the volunteer artillerymen of the National Guard. In so severe a bombardment there is a feeling of helplessness which affects even the bravest. Not even the most experienced soldiers can say that they have undergone a fire such as that experienced by Forts Rosny, Noisy, and Avron, for it is warfare with a new kind of projectile. We are really impressed by the spectacle presented after three days of this frightful fire by the marines in our forts—firm, resolute, vigilant, ready for every sacrifice. From Issy to Mont Valérien the soldiers are ready. The hour having arrived when the already narrow circle is contracted round us, the line of our forts becomes our great defense." Fort Rosny, it is explained, is 4000 metres from the continuous *enceinte*, 2000 from Fort Noisy, on the left, and 3000 from Fort Nogent, on the right. It faces the plateau of Avron, from which it is situate 1200 or 1300 metres.

A PRUSSIAN OFFICER'S STORY.

A PRUSSIAN officer who was captured before Paris early in December, and exchanged after three days' captivity, has given an account of his treatment and experiences in a Berlin paper. It must, however, be received with some caution. He was first taken before the commandant of St. Denis, Admiral La Roncière, who provided him with an elegant civilian costume, invited him to a sumptuous dinner, placed a carriage and a commissionaire as interpreter at his disposal, and, on his promise not to quit Paris, allowed him to go at large. He was afterward presented to General Schmitz, the head of General Trochu's staff, who received him very courteously and conducted him to General Trochu, who also offered him a capital dinner. In the course of conversation the General asked why the German staff gave no intimation of the commencement of the bombardment, to which the officer replied that, as a soldier, he was wont simply to obey orders, and did not know the intentions of his superiors. General Trochu rejoined, rather excitedly, that he was anxious for the beginning of the bombardment, as the German guns could only bombard the quarters chiefly inhabited by the mob, who were the greatest encumbrance to him in his undertakings. He should be glad in that way to lose a couple of hundred thousand of these *canaille*. He also stated that he was accurately acquainted with the hostile positions at all points, and was convinced that he could silence the German guns by the French batteries. He went into details as to the construction of the former, and expressed an opinion that their range was less than that of the French field artillery. The officer saw various herds of cattle round Paris, and in a restaurant where he breakfasted, and had beef-steak, vegetables, and wine for 3 francs, there was much life and bustle. In the streets, too, there was much activity, and vegetables were offered on low terms in the markets.

SPIRIT OF THE FRENCH PEOPLE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *National Gazette* of Berlin states, as the result of his five months' observations in France, that the inhabitants of the country and of the small towns are industrious, frugal, virtuous, and in comfortable circumstances, but possess no public spirit. "Politics," they say, "do not concern us; that is a matter for the large towns. We are contented if we are allowed to work quietly and earn money." The Republic has few adherents among them, and they fear that in the event of a civil war, which they consider probable, they would be unable to defend their property. They detest the Emperor, and Marshal Bazaine still more. They knew, they say, that the former was a rogue, but they were in his favor because trade and commerce were never so flourishing as under him, but he shamefully deceived them at the last *plébiscite*. All his prefects and mayors told them that "Yes" meant peace, and "No" war. They desired peace, and therefore voted affirmatively, but the result has been war.

NIPPED IN THE BUD.

THE *New Free Press* of Vienna states that the Emperor Napoleon was desirous of issuing a manifesto to the French people from Wilhelmshöhe, but was restrained from so doing by the Prussian government, which considered such a step incompatible with his position as a prisoner.

SAVINGS FOR OLD AGE.

No one denies that it is wise to make provision for old age, but we are not at all agreed as to the kind of provision it is best to lay in. Certainly we shall want a little money, for a destitute old man is, indeed, a sorry sight; yes, save money by all means. But an old man needs just that particular kind of strength which young men are most apt to waste. Many a foolish young fellow will throw away on a holiday a certain amount of nervous energy which he will never feel the want of until he is seventy, and then how much he will want it! It is curious, but true, that a bottle of Champagne at twenty will intensify the rheumatism at threescore. It is a fact that overtasking the eyes at fourteen may necessitate the aid of spectacles at forty instead of sixty. We advise our young readers to be saving of health for their old age, for the maxim holds good in regard to health as to money—"Waste not, want not." It is the greatest mistake to suppose that violation of the laws of health can escape its penalty. Nature forgives no sin, no error; she lets off the offender for fifty years sometimes, but she catches him at last, and inflicts the punishment just when, just where, and just how he feels it most. Save up for old age, but save knowledge; save the recollection of good and noble deeds, innocent pleasures, and pure thoughts; save friends; save love. Save rich stores of that kind of wealth which time can not diminish, nor death take away.

TWICE MISTAKEN.

CHRISTMAS-EVE. *Half past nine.*—Crumms comes into my room to clear away tea.

"I suppose, Sir," he says, as though it were a subject not admitting of a doubt—"I suppose you don't dine home to-morrow."

Both the tone and remark are unfortunate. I have not an invitation to dine out, and I can not insist upon dining at home, as my arrangement with the Crummses provides for dinner on Sundays only. I had intended to put my difficulty to my landlady, who is good-natured and easily persuaded. I find, instead, I have her husband to deal with; so I close my book slowly and say, "Well," as if I were thinking and not quite certain.

Mrs. Crumms would have waited to hear what I had to say; not so her husband. He looks surprised at my hesitation, and quickly puts in a clencher.

"Most gentlemen dine out on Christmas-day," he says, staring at the wall some feet above my head; "and Mrs. Crumms always expects a holiday on that day."

I feel, after that statement, the only thing to be done is to surrender gracefully.

"Of course; quite right. Oh, yes! I shall dine out, Crumms."

"Very well, Sir," he replies, in a tone as if he had never raised the question, but was simply taking an order in his old capacity of hotel waiter. "Any thing else, Sir? Good-night, Sir."

Then Crumms goes down stairs triumphant, and I doubly regret having staid in town, instead of going home, since I shall have to get my solitary Christmas dinner at a London hotel.

Christmas-day.—Mrs. Crumms this time brings in my breakfast. She has a large apron pinned over the front of her dress, and her sleeves are tucked up, which mean, with her, cooking. As she sets out the things, she wishes me the compliments of the season. "And I hope you'll enjoy yourself, Sir," she adds; "for I am sure you want a holiday, with your sitting here reading to all hours of the night."

She means it kindly, and not as a hint. I pay for my own coals and candles—for the former particularly, they being supplied by the Crummses—so I thank her for her good wishes. I don't anticipate much enjoyment; on the contrary, I am at a loss to know what to do with myself, and heartily wish that the day was over.

One o'clock.—I see through the window, as I come back from church, that the Crummses are at high dinner. Crumms himself is in his shirt-sleeves and on his legs, and looks very much as if he were making a speech. There are cries of "Bravo, pa!" and a great deal of laughter, both of which subside very rapidly as I knock. One of the smallest of the many small Crummses comes to the door, with her little cheeks and chin bearing unmistakable signs of pudding. She just peeps out to see who it is, and then scampers away, as if afraid of losing some of the good things in the parlor. For this want of respect to the Crummses I hear her mamma rebuke her sternly; and then Crumms says, "Never mind, mother; nobody is naughty on Christmas-day." Rounds of applause. I go up stairs, and "pa" proceeds with his speech.

Two o'clock.—I ring the bell for some hot water, and Crumms answers it in full waiter's dress, white tie, dress-coat, and a low-cut waistcoat, showing a large amount of shirt front with an elaborate frill. He walks into the room as if he is very proud of himself, and is more waiter-like in his manner than usual.

"Hot water to wash with, Sir? Yes, Sir." Disappears, and reappears with the jug, which he sets down upon the table.

"Why, Crumms," I ask, "where are you going?"

"Out waiting, Sir." He pauses for a minute, then becomes less majestic and more confidential. "I always go out waiting on Christmas-day," he adds, "and I have been to the same house for the last fourteen years. The gentleman and lady are a couple as came to the Crown at Newford the year I married Mrs. Crumms. We were both at the hotel, you know, and were just leaving to come up here. The lady took a great liking to Mrs. Crumms, and one day she said to me, 'So you and your wife are going up to London, Crumms. Now you must come and wait at my house when we want help.' And I have been there every Christmas-day since then—not missed one. I go on other days"—he says this quickly in an off-hand manner, as if the other days were of no importance—"but they ain't regular."

"You go there and help wait, I suppose?"

"Well, I do most of the waiting; all of it, you may say," he replies. "They don't keep a man, and there are only the female servants. They ain't much good, not like Mrs. Crumms. She could wait, she could. She was wonderful handy. That's what first made me look at her."

"And where do you go to?" I inquire.

"Bedford Square. Domville is the gentleman's name."

On the spur of the moment, just to see what Crumms will say, I ask, "Will you take me with you to-day?"

"You, Sir!" he replies, in surprise. "Well—really, Sir, I don't think Mr Domville would—though I have known him these fourteen years, I am afraid he'd think it rather presumptuous of me to introduce a gentleman into his house."

"I suppose so," I answer; the idea of the waiter introducing a friend as a guest at the dinner being certainly very absurd. "But I didn't mean that. Take me with you to wait."

"You! you go out waiting!" says Crumms, holding his breath.

"Yes; if you will take me."

"Well! I do call that a good joke," he gasps out. "Lord, Sir, what an idea!" Then, dropping his waiter-like manner altogether and becoming thoroughly human, he bursts out laughing.

I had only intended to chaff Crumms, but it strikes me that going out with him will be more lively than spending Christmas-day by myself, and I begin to hope that he will take me.

"I dare say Mr. Domville would have no objection to an extra hand," I urge, "and I could go as a young friend of yours, who is just beginning and wants to learn his business."

"Lord, Sir," pants Crumms again, "you ain't serious?"

"By Jove! I am, though," I say. "I don't know what on earth to do with myself all day. I should like to go out waiting."

Crumms's laughter, which is very prolonged and loud, and accompanied with a great deal of coughing and wheezing—for he is rather stout—brings his wife up the stairs and finally into my room. She begs my pardon for the intrusion, and then turns to her husband.

"Crumms," she says, "you mustn't excite yourself. Remember, you are going out waiting."

"Yes, yes, my dear; I remember," he answers, as soon as he recovers his breath. "But here is Mr. Herbert wanting to go out waiting too."

"Mr. Herbert!" says my landlady, surprised in her turn.

"Yes, Mr. Herbert," repeats Crumms; and his laughter bursts out again like a smouldering fire.

I immediately begin to enlist Mrs. Crumms on my side. She is a merry good-natured woman, with rather a partiality to "wild young gents," as she calls them, and is fond of telling tales about the young fellows round Newford when she was at the Crown hotel. There isn't any thing particularly wild in my going out waiting with Crumms, but his wife seems to think there is, and it puts her in mind, she says, of Mr. Somebody at her old place.

"It is just what he would do, Sir," she continues; "and I did think you were such a quiet young gentleman, Mr. Herbert.—Law! Crumms," she adds, turning to him, "you would not spoil a bit of fun like that, I know."

"But Mr. Domville—" begins her husband.

"Nonsense, Mr. Domville!" she replies. "He needn't know; and if he does, why, he'd laugh as much as any one."

"But you will be careful, Sir, won't you?" says Crumms, yielding to the two of us. "You won't let Mr. Domville know. There isn't any one likely to be there as will recognize you, I hope."

I satisfy him on these points; then Mrs. Crumms, with a due regard for her position among her neighbors, raises one nearer home. "It won't do, though, Sir," she says, "for you and Crumms to go out together. The people about here all know that he is going out waiting; and may be, if they saw you together, they might think you were a waiter too." I don't see that it would matter if they did, but to my landlady such a mistake seems to represent some dreadful calamity; so it is arranged that Crumms shall go first and send a cab, and then wait for me in the crescent a little distance off.

Three o'clock.—Crumms and I are in the cab on our way to Bedford Square. The whole time he is either laughing at my going out with him or nervous as to the result. In the latter mood he is almost piteous in his entreaties to me to be careful, and repeats over and over again his directions how to wait. We stop the cab at the corner of the street leading to the square, and walk on to the house.

It is a big house with a large hall. There is a window by the street-door at one end, and a broad staircase at the other. The dining-room is fair-sized; the walls are painted and hung round with pictures. It is rather dark and heavy-looking, however, and the furniture is old and massive. There are three servants going about with trays and piles of plates, busy laying out the table. They stare at me as I stand by the side of Crumms, and he introduces me as a young friend who wants to see a little genteel waiting, and whom he has made bold enough to bring. Then, as if that settled the matter, he goes off into business, and asks several questions as to the number and names of the guests. I notice that the servants all treat him with great respect, and he, in return, is condescending and polite to them. With me, when they are in the room, he assumes an authoritative air, and all the time he is very grave, and looks as if the cares of his position were too much for him. He smiles once, when we are alone, as I hand him a jelly; and then, his muscles being relaxed, his old fit of laughing suddenly breaks out again. He can not laugh aloud, but he laughs inwardly, and shakes so tremendously that the jelly rolls and trembles to an alarming degree; and it is only by the means of promptly taking it under my own protection, that I save it from being shaken on to the floor.

"Oh Lor'! to think of you being here!" he mutters; and the next instant is gravity itself, as Mrs. Domville's voice is heard on the stairs.

She is a middle-aged lady, and speaks in a friendly manner to Crumms, and is particular in her inquiries after his wife and children. He points me out as a young friend of his, who has come to help him; and Mrs. Domville seems quite satisfied, and goes up stairs again to the drawing-room.

Four o'clock.—The dinner is ready, and all the guests have arrived. Crumms stations me behind the door, and goes himself to the head of the table, and I watch the people as they come into the room and take their places.

They are mostly middle-aged, like their host and hostess, and evidently old friends; for several nod to Crumms, and one gentleman is quite hearty in his greeting, and says it would not seem like a Christmas dinner without him. Mr. Domville laughs, and asks after Mrs. Crumms; but Crumms refuses to be thawed, and replies in a tone as if such trifling questions interfered with the responsibility of his position.

So far every thing has gone right. Then comes a slight mishap. Just as every body is seated and silent, and Mr. Domville going to say grace, Crumms gives me a signal, and I step forward quietly to close the door. The movement attracts the attention of a young lady, who is sitting with her back to me, and she turns round. She evidently has not noticed me before, and her laughing gray eyes scan me with surprise. My face is a new one to her among the many well-known faces round the table. I suppose she thinks I am a guest, who has arrived late and just come into the room, and, seeing me standing there and no one taking any notice of me, she says, courteously,

"Isn't there a chair for you?" Then turning round to Mrs. Domville, "Oh, aunt! here is a gentleman left outside in the cold."

Mr. Domville, instead of saying grace, looks up, stares, and half rises from his chair, while the company all turn toward me. It is certainly an embarrassing moment; but Mrs. Domville comes to the rescue, and says, quietly, "It is quite right, Helen." The young lady looks a little confused, and then Crumms, in his nervousness, spoils every thing by rushing up to her, and calling out,

"He's come to help me wait, Miss Linton."

My fair champion thereupon blushes very deeply, and begs my pardon; several of the guests have simultaneous twitchings of the mouth; Crumms looks half angry, half apologetically, at me; and at last Mr. Domville, in a shaky voice, says grace, while Miss Linton bends her head very low, and hides her face. The next minute Crumms, serious and imperturbable as ever, removes the cover off the soup, and the dinner begins.

I believe I acquit myself creditably. Crumms declares that I did wonderfully well, and is inclined to think, I believe, that I have wasted natural talent by not being a waiter. At any rate, I don't spill any thing over any body's dress, or knock any body on the head. I carefully watch Crumms for his signals, and, thanks to having been at a dinner before, though not in the capacity of a waiter, I have some idea of what ought to be done, and so remove the right covers, and hand round such dishes as ought to be handed at the proper time. The greatest difficulty I have is to keep my countenance, particularly when I hand any thing to Miss Linton. She is so bright-looking, and it is such fun to see the sparkle in her eyes, and the way they drop if they meet mine, and a little repressed smile steal over her lips, that it taxes my powers to the utmost to keep from laughing. I feel that I should very much like to change places with the young fellow sitting by her side. He does not seem to have very much to say for himself, and he examines every dish, as it is handed to him, through an eye-glass. His inspection is so long, and his nose is so close, that I have a growing inclination each time to bob the dish up in his face. For more than half the dinner he is silent, then he talks a little politics—stanch Conservatism—and Miss Linton immediately enunciates the strongest radical principles, upholds woman's suffrage, and their having seats in Parliament. This seems to overwhelm him, and he retires from the contest with a sigh.